

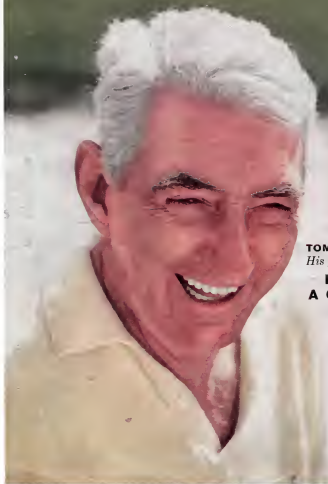
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 30, 1969

America's National Sports Weekly

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Canby Scottman, great professional and teacher, this smiling gentleman begins on page 19 a series of lessons designed to lead you through a round of "thinking" golf.

Photograph by Richard Mott

Next week



► Hub Jones, greatest golfing hero of all time, provides a special treat by writing about the Nagata National, series of next week's Masters, and tells how to play it hole by hole.

► At the outset of the 1959 trout season, a synthesis in depth of the perfect dry-fly angler by Spense Gey Hackle backed by the irrelevant drawings of Jerome Snyder.

► As spring training nears an end, scenes of reckless battle to win position in the major league lineup. Ray Terrell tells which youngsters are the likeliest bets to make good.

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INTERCOLLEGIATE EVENTS

The principal meets in college sports for the spring season

Baseball

APRIL 8: Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League, opening game: Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

JUNE 18-19: National Collegiate Baseball Championships, Omaha.

Crew

APRIL 16: Eastern Area of Rowing Colleges, opening regatta: Boston I. at Brown, Regents of Pennsylvania.

APRIL 30: Collier Cup Regatta, Navy and Penn. regatta, 150 pounds, at Philadelphia.

APRIL 30: Charles Cup Regatta, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Princeton, at New York.

MAY 2: Blackwell Cup Regatta, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Yale, at Philadelphia.

MAY 6: Green Trophy Regatta, Cornell, Syracuse, Navy, at Ithaca, N.Y.

MAY 2: Wood Hammered Cup Regatta, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, Yale, 150 pounds, at Philadelphia.

MAY 2: Regan Cup Regatta, Dartmouth, Harvard, MIT, 150 pounds, at Cambridge, Mass.

MAY 2: Compton Cup Regatta, Harvard, MIT, Princeton, Dartmouth, at Cambridge, Mass.

MAY 6: Worcester vs. Yale regatta, heavy weight, at Hartford.

MAY 6: MIT vs. Columbia, heavy weight, at New York.

MAY 6: Adams Cup Regatta, Harvard, Navy, Pennsylvania, at Annapolis, Md.

MAY 6: Goldsboro Cup Regatta, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, 150 pounds, at Princeton, N.J.

MAY 6: George Cup Regatta, Cornell, Princeton, Yale, at Berlin, Conn.

MAY 6: Longier Cup Regatta, Cornell, Columbia, MIT, 150 pounds, at Cambridge, Mass.

MAY 10: 14th Annual Eastern Area of Rowing Colleges Championships Regatta, 140 pounds, at Cambridge, Mass. heavy weight, Princeton, N.J.

MAY 22: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, heavy weight, at Ithaca, N.Y.

MAY 26: Worcester vs. Navy, heavy weight, at Annapolis, Md.

JUNE 10: Harvard vs. Yale Annual Regatta, at New London, Conn.

JUNE 20: 57th Annual Championship Regatta, Intercollegiate Rowing Assn., Syracuse, N.Y.

Fencing

MARCH 31-32: National Collegiate Fencing Championships, I. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Golf

MAY 6-10: 25th Annual Eastern Intercollegiate Golf Championships, Princeton I., Princeton, N.J.

JUNE 11-15: National Collegiate Golf Championships, I. of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Skiing

MARCH 24-25: National Collegiate Skiing Championships, Winter Park, Colo.

Swimming

MARCH 20-22: National Collegiate Swimming Championships, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

Tennis

MARCH 30: Eastern Intercollegiate Tennis Assn., opening match: Dartmouth vs. Navy, Annapolis, Md.

JUNE 20-24: National Collegiate Tennis Championships, Northwestern I., Evanston, Ill.

Track

MARCH 20: Chicago Daily News Relay, Chicago.

APRIL 24-25: Penn Relay, Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

MAY 5: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track & Field Championships, Denning Memorial Stadium, New York.

MAY 26: Bicentennial Track & Field Championships, Denning Memorial Stadium, New York.

JUNE 18-19: National Intercollegiate Track & Field Championships, I. of Notre Dame, London, Ohio.

Wrestling

MARCH 20-22: National Collegiate Wrestling Championships, I. of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The whole college basketball season was wrapped up into a couple of brilliant and exciting hours in Louisville and New York, and suddenly California and St. John's, a continent apart in space but only a smidge apart in desire and skill, were perched happily and firmly above the crowd. California, given little chance to go all the way, despite a defense which caused opposing coaches furiously to cudgel their brains, had won the NCAA championship in Louisville, and St. John's, a team which rose to its greatest heights early in the year and then wallowed in the depths, had won the NIT title in New York.

THE NCAA

Many a coach has mouthed the saw that a good defense is the best offense, but California's Pete Newell triumphed with it at Louisville (see page 16). His well-disciplined Bears, hounding, clinging and never more than a breath's length from their opponents, shared Cincinnati in their switches. Meanwhile, Cal attacked deliberately and cautiously from its slow-down offense, turning loose Al Buch for 18 points, while Darrell Imhoff, a baby-faced 6-foot 10-inch stringbean, pirked the boards clean, and whipped favored Cincinnati 64-38 in the semifinals.

But the Bears were only halfway home.

They still had to beat West Virginia's free-wheeling Mountaineers, who caught plucky Louisville with its emotional tanks drained dry after rousing upsets of Kentucky and Michigan State in the regionals, and ran the home-town Cardinals into the boards 94-79 in the other half of the draw; Jerry West—a splendid player with the eye of a marksman and the agile hands of a pickpocket, who had scorched Louisville for 38 points and later was voted the most valuable player—was the major problem this time.

Louisville's puckish Coach Peck Hickman had facetiously given his formula for defending against West: "My boys pack somebody they think they can lick and then tie into him. The poor guy who gets to pick fifth gets stuck with West." But Newell's plan was hardly so radical. Although his man-to-man defenders couldn't stop West, who fed off magnificently and scored 28 points, they did slow down the rapid-gaited Mountaineers to a relative walk and finally won it all 71-70 when Imhoff followed up his own misdirected hook shot and tipped in the rebound with 15 seconds to play.

Released Cincinnati came back to put down Louisville 98-85 for third place, as Oscar Robertson scored 39 points to lead the nation's major college scorers with a 32.6 average (see below) and set an all-time two-season record of 1,962 points.



CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED, Bradley's McBride (left) watches St. John's Seaton go up for shot in NIT final won by Redmen 76-71.

THE NIT

There were times during the season when Joe Lapchick, the affable and crafty old pro who coaches St. John's, publicly wondered whether some of his boys were playing for themselves or for the team. But his puzzlement ceased once the NIT got under way in New York's Madison Square Garden.

The Redmen began by beating Villanova 75-67, then came up against hustling Providence, which had shocked bigger St. Louis 75-72 in double overtime in the quarter-finals. But, by this time, the free-up Friars were all tuckered out and no match for a St. John's team that worked together. Little (5 feet 11 inches) sharp-shooter Alan Seaton, held tight by Providence's combination zone and man-to-man, turned feeder for jumping Jack Tony Jackson (29 points) and bulky Lou Roethel (22 points) and skillfully brought the Johnnies home 76-55 and into the final against Bradley.

The Peoria Braves got there by outlasting NYU 59-57 after the New Yorkers outlasted Oklahoma City 63-48. Well-balanced Bradley had NYU on the run early, but was forced to resort to some last-minute strategy to hold off the challenging Violets. With 38 seconds to go, Coach Chuck Orsborn switched to a zone and confounded NYU just long enough to win.

All of which set the stage for an overtime cliffhanger that had the 14,376 fans in the Garden whooping it up and roaring as on the days of old (pre-1951). St. John's fell behind as Bradley's 1-3-1 zone clogged the middle and its clever screens set up shots for icy-cool Bobby Joe Mason, big Joe Billy McBride and Gene Moore. But

continued

HOW THEY FINISHED

THE TOP SCORERS

	G	FG	FT	PTS.	AVG.
1. Robertson, Cinn.	30	331	316	978	32.6
2. Byrd, Marshall	24	242	226	704	29.3
3. Hagan, Tenn. T.	25	254	212	720	28.8
4. Howell, Miss. St.	25	231	226	688	27.5
5. West, W. Va.	34	340	220	960	26.6

FIELD GOAL LEADERS

	G	FG	FG PCT.
1. Crosthwaite, W. Ky.	26	296	191 .645
2. Carter, Iowa	21	225	137 .609
3. Filipe, Auburn	22	166	92 .555
4. Kessler, Mullenberg	22	271	153 .565
5. Henkelin, LaSalle	22	256	144 .563

TEAM OFFENSE

	G	PTS.	AVG.
1. Miami (Fla.)	25	2,190	87.6
2. West Virginia	34	2,884	84.8
3. Cincinnati	30	2,819	84.0
4. Virginia Tech	21	1,758	83.7
5. Illinois	22	1,815	82.5

THE BEST REBOUNDERS

	G	REB.	AVG.
1. Wright, COP	26	629	24.2
2. Smith, Virginia Tech	21	452	20.4
3. Mealy, Manhattan	13	246	18.4
4. Hagan, Tenn. Tech	25	454	18.2
5. Terrell, Tenn.	21	372	17.7

LEADING FREE THROWERS

	G	FTS	FT PCT.
1. Stein, Xavier	23	106	86 .860
2. Burgess, Gonzaga	23	157	134 .854
3. Clark, Okla. St.	25	236	201 .852
4. Neumann, Stanford	24	150	127 .847
5. Wendell, Tulsa	23	203	170 .837

TEAM DEFENSE

	G	PTS.	AVG.
1. California	29	1,490	51.0
2. Oklahoma State	25	1,319	52.8
3. Idaho State	27	1,500	55.6
4. San Jose State	24	1,352	56.3
5. Maryland	23	1,296	56.4



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St. John's never stopped trying. Selden (see page 5), despite four fouls and offensive trickery by Bradley's Mike Owens, who took him into the pivot in an unsuccessful attempt to force a fifth foul, and Jackson began to hit with jumpers while the springy Jackson also covered the defensive board as if he owned it. The Red-men finally overtook the Braves with less than four minutes to play, and the score was tied 63-63 when the game ended. Selden, barely Gus Alferi and Jackson, whose 21 points and 27 rebounds helped earn him the most valuable player award, dominated the scoring in overtime and St. John's finished on top 76-71 for its third NJIT title. Weepy but happy, Lapchick had the last word: "They had a dozen chances to quit . . . but every time they had the guts and the answer to each situation. They just wouldn't quit."

Providence had one more shot at glory, but couldn't cope with NYU's board strength and finesse and lost 71-57 in the consolation game.

THE AAU

Alex Hannum, who coached the St. Louis Hawks to the NBA title a year ago and then resigned for a more relaxing life among the amateurs, was once again counting his blessings after his fast-breaking Wichita team barely squeaked past the U.S. Army All-Stars 104-102 in the semifinals, but recovered its poise to clinch Bartlesville (Okla.) 105-83 for the AAU championship at Denver. And the St. Louis influence had lingered, for it was Dick Roushka, an ex-St. Louis U. star, who beamed up the Vickers with 26 points and was named the tournament's MVP.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGES

Wesley of Ogden, Utah, beaten in the National Junior College final last year, didn't miss this time, downing Bethany Lutheran of Mankato, Minn. 57-47 at Hutchinson, Kans., to carry home the title.

THE PROS

Al Cren, pepper-pot coach of the last-place Philadelphia Warriors, decided that the "insecurity of coaching" was not for him and resigned to devote full time to his job with a Rochester trucking concern. And there were at least four NBA coaches who might be persuaded to agree with him as the playoffs moved into the penultimate round.

In the East, Boston and Syracuse traded home-court victories in their best-of-seven series. The Celtics romped over Syracuse 151-105, lost to the Nets 120-118 and then won again 133-111. In the West, St. Louis got a real hot performance from Cliff Hagan (40 points) to whomp Minneapolis 124-90, but lost Playmaker Slater Martin, who suffered a dislocation of the upper part of the fibula in his right leg. Without Martin, the Hawks bowed to the Lakers 106-98.



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COMING EVENTS

March 27 to April 3

All times are E.S.T.

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Friday, March 27

- BOXING**
Longman vs. Gorman, Durham, 10 rds., Miami
Nash, Fla., 10 p.m. (NBC)
- GOLF**
Vardon, Hyatt, \$15,000, Wausau, N.C.
through March 30
- TABLE TENNIS**
World champs, Dortmund, Germany through
April 5

Saturday, March 28

- BASKETBALL (PRO)**
Western Division champs, Syracuse at Boston,
if necessary, 7 p.m. (NBC)
Eastern Division champs, Minneapolis at St.
Louis, if necessary
- BOWLING**
Women's Major League Bowling, Carlton vs.
Maithe, 10 p.m., Ford Hall, Fla. (NBC)
- GOLF**
All-Star G.O.L.F. Sand vs. Leonard, Miami, 10 a.m.
on radio (time later) (ABC)
- POKE RACING**
John D. Campbell Bandcamp, \$100,000, Bunko,
Md.
Yin, Swift, \$45,000, Jamaica, New York, 4 p.m.
(100)
- TRUCK RACING**
The Monster, Yorktown, New York, 10-10 p.m.
(NBC)
- STUNT RACING**
The Funniest Cup, Camden, South Carolina.
- KOBBE**
Cuban championship, \$14,750, Lubbock, Texas,
6-10 p.m. (CBS)
- BOXING**
NCAA champs, State, West Park, Fla.
NCAA champions, Darnell & Salsan, MI, 8 p.m.,
Calif. also March 29
- TRUCK & FIELD**
Nelson, Hefner, State Barbery, Gold
Chicago Daily News Meet, Chicago
ABC delays, Big Spring, Texas

Sunday, March 29

- BOXING**
Nell Jr. Torrey, Omaha, 10 rds., 10 p.m.
- BASKETBALL (PRO)**
Western Division champs, St. Louis at Minneapolis, if necessary, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
Eastern Division champs, Boston at Syracuse, if necessary
- HOCKEY**
Nashville, 10 p.m. playoffs, Montreal at Chicago
also March 31

Monday, March 30

- BOXING**
Cochran vs. Calypso, light heavies, 10 rds., San
Francisco

Tuesday, March 31

- BASKETBALL (PRO)**
Western Division champs, Minneapolis at St.
Louis, if necessary
Eastern Division champs, Syracuse at Boston,
if necessary
- GOLF**
Scott & Carling champ, Green Bay, Wis. through
April 4

Wednesday, April 1

- BOXING**
E.S. Scott Open champs, Detroit through
April 4
- BASKETBALL**
For Hedy Basketball Tourney, Wichita, Kans.
through April 4
- BOXING**
Harris vs. Pirovano, welter, 12 rds., Dallas, 10
p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, April 2

- BOXING**
NCAA AAU boxing champs, Toledo, Ohio
through April 4
NCAA AAU champs, Reno through April 4
- GOLF**
The Marvins, Augusta, Ga. through April 5,
CBS
- HOCKEY**
Nashville Cup playoffs, Chicago at Montreal,
if necessary

*See local listing



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by TOMMY ARMOUR

THIS IS a true story. Or so nearly true that you won't know the difference. So much of the story has happened to you that you may think you are one of the golfers I'm telling about. You may be.

I have been in this story or some variation of it many times. That is the reason it is being put into type, instead of being limited to the view and hearing of other fellows I've played and taught, as it has been previously.

At our club there is a man named Bill. In some ways he is enough like you to be you.

I don't think I knew what his handicap was when this story began. I'd seen him out on the course sometimes making a shot that looked very good. A few other times I'd watch him on another fairway hitting the ball so poorly that in simple sporting decency I pretended I hadn't seen him.

Our friend Bill was strictly a golfer of the people. He played as about 85% of golfers do; needlessly had on about a third of his shots and only moderately good the rest of the time.

One day I had a game arranged with three other fellows and, while two of them and I were sitting in the grillroom shortly after noon, one of them telephoned that he wasn't going to be able to play.

I walked out to the locker room to get into my golf shoes, and there was Bill taking shirts, slacks, shoes and other belongings out of his locker and packing them into a bag.

"Leaving town?" I asked.

"No," he grunted.

"Got a game?"

He shook his head and continued to clear out his locker.

"Well, come on with us. Mac had to back out, and you can fill in with Ed and Jim and me."

"Nope," Bill was emphatic. "I'm quitting golf."

I laughed and suggested, "Why not quit after playing 18 more?"

He glared at me and stuffed another shirt into his luggage as he related his sad story.

"Tommy, I'm not fooling. I'm absolutely through. There's no sense or fun playing like I did yesterday. I'm ashamed of the stinking, horrible imitation of golf I've been playing lately. I refuse to punish myself one more round." With that woeful declaration Bill snapped the lock on his bag.

"Too bad," I said. "You are a nice guy and you ought to be enjoying the companionship of other pleasant fellows out here. But if you've made up your mind some of the boys are going to miss your money."

"That, of course, will break my heart," Bill murmured.

"And you won't be getting the two or three dollars you always take on those Nassaus from your clumsy chum, Jerry," I reminded him.

"There is one man I can beat," Bill reflected, and brightened a bit.

"And you will miss the money from that poor hopeless backer, Burton. You ought to be arrested for not giv-

ing him more strokes. You are quitting with him on your conscience."

"He just had had luck on a lot of shots," Bill told me.

"Maybe so," I conceded. "But forget him. Do you know why you are a much worse golfer than you've got any reason for being, and why you're discouraged and a quitter?"

Bill began to burn a bit. That amused me. I have talked frankly, even almost insultingly, in getting a fellow jarred into playing good golf. Bill was like the rest of them; he couldn't be coddled into learning a first-class game.

He looked through a locker-room window and saw pals of his on the beautiful green course. Then he turned to me and asked, "What's wrong with me and my golf?"

"You are practically brainless when you get a golf club in your hands. That's all."

I let that bore in, then continued: "I don't know where your head goes when you walk up to a golf shot—the same head that has made you a big success in business. On a golf course you are a hum a lot of the time entirely because you can't or won't think."

"And you are a mental marvel, one of golf's greatest eggheads?" Bill asked sourly.

I admitted that others have argued that with me. "But let me tell you, my fretful friend, with my brains and even that spotty swing of yours, your golf would be so much better it would be a different game. The sun would be shining, the birds would be singing, the fellows you'd be playing against would be moaning and paying you, and all would be well with the world."

Bill began opening his bag.

After a few more conversational waggles while Bill was putting on his golf clothes and shoes, we went out

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AND YOUR MUSCLES!

to the first tee to join Ed and Jim.

We came onto the teetalking about who gets how many strokes and who will be partners and what the team and individual bets will be. That is the usual script everywhere. Regardless of the handicapping system there will always be debates about handicaps.

Bill and I were teamed by the deal we had made in the locker room. Our opponents, naturally, wanted me to give them too many strokes and didn't

want to give Bill enough. Eventually we decided to play the sides even, with me thinking the shots for my partner and playing my own game, too.

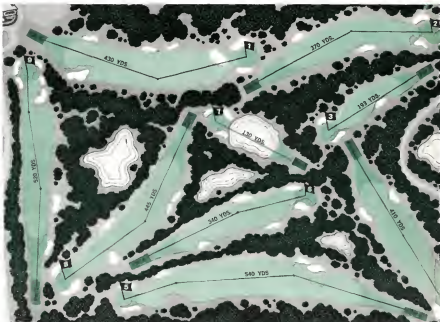
While we were engaged in the traditional rites of matchmaking, at the first tee I made an apparently casual examination of Bill's clubs. I've seen many instances of golfers being badly hindered by ill-fitting equipment. When I hear laments about bad play I look at the mourner's tools and

often I wonder how the fellow or girl can get a decent shot once out of three tries, considering the clubs being used.

Bill's clubs were adequate, better-fitting than the clubs of most middle-aged men, who try to use clubs that are too heavy, with shafts that are too stiff. He had a driver (number one-wood), three-, four- and five-woods. His driver had, I'd guess, a little more than 11" of loft, and that's as

continued

THIS IS THE IMAGINARY GOLF COURSE THAT YOU ARE REQUIRED TO ANALYZE AND "BEAT" AS ARMQUE'S PARTNER AND PUPIL



it should be. The shafts were a bit supple and they helped him get the whip that most golf shafts should have.

Fortunately, then, the first of Bill's three problems was solved. He had the right clubs. The next two questions were, did he know when and how to use them? Any golfer who scores 80 or higher throws away strokes by incorrect choice of clubs.

As I completed my hasty inspection of my partner's equipment he flipped a coin to determine who had the honor.

The enemy won the toss. Jim stepped up and teed his ball. He is a fellow who never let himself get out of condition after he left college sports. He moves gracefully. He's got fine coordination. He is a great hunter. He is a good, natural golfer. He'd be better if he used his head more, but against most of his competition he doesn't have to play brainy golf. He whipped the club easily at the ball and drove about 220 down the middle. His partner was one of the famous college and pro football tackles. He is strong enough to flatten the ball but the ball doesn't know it. He grabbed his club with a crushing grip, swung strenuously and duck-hooked his drive into the rough about 150 yards out. He could have done better swinging easy with a five-iron.

Ed was still bent over to pick up his wooden peg when my man hurried up to tee his ball.

"Half a minute, Billy," I called to him. "Here is where my brain begins working for you. Why your rush? You're not ready to hit."

"What's the matter? You want to drive first?" Bill asked.

SWING TWO CLUBS

"No, I want you to start slowing down and smooching out your swing before it starts. The ball will wait for you. Take another club or two out of your bag and swing them together the way a baseball player does when he is waiting his turn at bat."

Swinging those clubs gave Bill a little warmup and subconsciously put some rhythm into his swing. He had been going at the job like most ordinary golfers at the first tee, impatient to snatch the club away from the ball and get the ball moving by lunging and chopping at it, instead of by swinging and hitting.

The golfer who is nervous at the first tee needn't think that he differs

from a lot of the experts. The nervous experts, however, think of something they've got to do to make sure of hitting a good shot. They do that instead of letting the mind go blank or freezing in panic.

Happily, I am blessed with a temperament that has made me immune to the first-tee version of stage fright but I am sympathetically aware of



ABOUT THE BOOK

This series of lessons, in greatly expanded form, will be published in mid-April by Simon and Schuster (\$3.50) under the title *A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour* (above). It is Armour's first book since he wrote *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time*, a phenomenal best-seller that was published in 1953.

the shaky state of those who do suffer from it. So I tried to get Bill feeling at ease and confident and forgetting the other fellows.

"Tee the ball high enough so the club face will meet it in the middle on the upswing. You've got to trust your swing now. Hit the ball with a purpose instead of a foggy hope."

Bill smiled wanly.

"What can you possibly have to worry about?" I asked him. "I am the guy to worry if there is any worrying to be done. You are playing this round with my reputation and your swing. I would like to have you concentrate on how you are going to hit the ball rather than where you're going to hit it."

"O.K., send me in, Coach," my partner responded. He walked to the left side of the tee, pressed his peg to the turf and placed his ball for the drive.

"Hold it!" I called to him. He stepped away from the ball.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"You're not making use of my brains. I want to show you something

that not three out of a hundred fairly good golfers know about playing smart and safe golf. Pick up your tee and your ball."

Bill had made the commonest mistake in golf. He knew he was playing golf but he forgot he was playing a golf course.

Comparatively few golfers ever show they are aware that the golf architect tries to design a course that rewards an intelligent golfer and penalizes a stupid one.

In fact, I sometimes wonder if the majority of golfers are even aware that there is such an art as that of the competent golf architect's.

When I told Bill that he was to concentrate on hitting the ball with a purpose I gave him credit for appreciating that the purpose was to hit the ball to where the next shot would be easy. You would think that foresight would be almost instinctive, but the simple job of charting the course wisely in a round of golf is something that not many have mastered. You may recall that the latest round you played was marred by strokes lost because you didn't use your brains in solving the most obvious and easiest problems the golf architect could present.

The first hole at our course is a long par 4. It is about 430 yards from the middle of the tee to the middle of the green. The markers seldom are forward on the tee. The hole is a dogleg to the left. There are traps on the left out about 200 to 250 yards. On the left, too, is fairly heavy rough. The fairway is reasonably wide.

You can see from the diagram of our first hole that there shouldn't be any architectural problems to give an average golfer like Bill a bad start. A drive of 200 yards or so would put him in good position to make the dogleg and have a second shot with plenty of fairway.

The average golfer will have to get his third shot close enough to the hole to get down in one putt if he is going to get pars on any of the par-4 holes that are 370 yards or over.

When Bill had teed his ball on the left side of the first tee he hadn't used his brains, and I told him so.

"Your first move has been thoughtless. Now let me show you how a golfer uses his head," I said.

"I haven't made a move," Bill protested.

"Yes, you did. You teed the ball where a hook would get you into the rough. Now tee your ball on the right

side of the tee. You see that the fairway goes out to the right, so you've got leeway in case you slice and plenty of room in case you hook. You want to hit your drive out into space. The more space you've got, the more room you allow yourself as a margin for error, the more relaxed your swing will be," I explained.

"That makes sense," my partner admitted. "I should have learned that when Ed teed up just about where I did and backed into the rough."

VISUALIZE YOUR OBJECTIVE

"Get in the habit of visualizing your objective, figuring out your strategy so that even if you don't hit your shot well you won't be in trouble. You've got to be thinking that there are wise places and stupid and dangerous places for you to have your ball on every one of the 18 tees. If you tee your ball thoughtlessly on all, or most, of the 18 tees, you are liable to produce a horrifying addition to your score."

"I never thought of it that way," Bill confessed.

There were several other points I wanted to bring out to get my partner realizing that almost everything

sight in teeing his ball for his drive, I realized that by using some course sense in his game Bill not only was going to improve his golf but enjoy it more.

After Bill had teed his ball at the correct place and at the correct height I said to him, "Now you're going into a moving part of the game that doesn't allow much time for thinking. So now you've got to think in advance of how you are going to swing. Have you any picture of what you're going to do?"

My partner laughed. "A dozen or so," he said.

"Well, forget them, then. Just get some notion of how you are going to turn your body in swinging the club away from the ball and up over your shoulder, then remember to be slow at the top of the swing."

"Is that all?" Bill asked.

"Yes, and it may be too much. You'd probably be better off getting your club swung back any smooth way that you can and then think of only one thing specifically—hitting the ball away from you with your hands," I answered.

Bill was gripping the club fairly well and was standing up easily with-

told you, Bill is so much like you he should have the center of the stage at all times.

There is almost irresistible temptation to let your mind wander in golf. But you've got to resist it and concentrate, concentrate, concentrate. Concentration in golf means that you have got to exercise the ability to make your muscles do what your mind is thinking.

As we walked to where Bill was to play his second shot I saw that it called for a well-played spoon as the safest, surest procedure.

I asked him his intentions.

"I'm going to go for it and carry the bunker," he said, still feeling big after a moderately good drive.

Again I had to show him how his mind should take a clear look at the problem.

"The percentage is against you, and so are your eyes, I think. That trap is 180 yards away, and if you do get over it you are still about 50 yards short of the green. So why don't you play the easiest possible shot? Play to the right in the short rough and you'll be set up for an easy pitch to the pin."

Bill agreed that would be the route to play without worry or risk, and he stepped up to the ball.

"Are you thinking how you are going to swing?" I asked.

He assured me that he was. And he did swing well. He got his hands into the ball smartly and at the right time, but instead of going to the right the ball went to the left and into the bunker.

What went wrong? He had been stricken by the bane of all golfers. His footwork was bad and he got stuck on his right foot. When he finished his shot his right foot was flat on the ground.

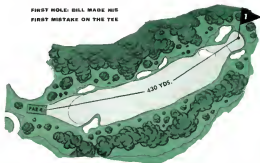
He turned to me with a sad "now what?" look in his eyes.

"If the other fellows don't mind, drop another ball. Now line up your stance accurately and think of your right side and hand in hitting."

He hit the practice shot perfectly. Like many other golfers, Bill had been told so much about the left side and arm and hand that he had almost forgotten the simple, obvious fact that golf is a two-handed, two-sided game. With natural co-ordination the dynamic action of the right-side elements and the passive functioning of the left-side elements combine into perfect, balanced technique. Maybe

continued

FIRST HOLE: BILL MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE ON THE TEE



he did on a golf course gave him a chance to make valuable use of his brains.

"You've never figured out your own course. This is the first time in all the years you've belonged here that you ever have had suggested to you that you might be thinking about the best way for you to get around the course," I told Bill.

As I reflected on my partner's complete unawareness that he could help himself play better golf by using fore-

out being tense. He took his swing, and by a lucky combination of conditions got off a drive that sent his ball approximately to where he'd aimed it in the fairway.

He looked at me with that "I've got it licked" expression you see on golfers' faces after they've hit first-class shots.

I hit my drive an easy and satisfying smack, but we will skip my shots and most of those of our opponents. The hero of this tale is Bill, and, as I

that explanation is too fancy. If it is, just boil it down to thinking of the left side for control and the right side for power.

As we went the caddy to pick up the perfectly hit second shot I remarked to Bill, "It's easy when you think."

"I thought I was thinking," he said. "And you were, up to the time you started to hit. Then you quit."

He argued, "I can't think about two or three things at one time."

"Then you'll probably have to experiment intelligently in locating what's the important thing to do right but that will teach you to think about your swing."

Then it struck me that Bill had played only two shots, yet had made enough mistakes to discourage anybody, so I thought I'd better cheer him.

"It takes sense and strong character for the ordinary golfer to play well. He's got a tougher job than the expert golfer who has played the shots so often that his swing is automatic. The expert can skip giving much thought to details such as the grip, the stance, footwork and getting the right side into the shot. But let me tell you from painful memory that there isn't an expert player who couldn't have won more championships by thinking of just one little thing at the right time. Everything an expert golfer does successfully is the result of thinking about what shot should be played and then concentrating on how to groove the swing properly."

"Lucky for you and other golfers

that many of the points that must be thought about are details that can be taken care of correctly while you are standing still—the grip and the address, for instance. The grip is either right or wrong. There's no safe half-way point. Footwork is a different sort of problem. It is an action and you have to think of it until you get the right procedure and feeling, and keep working on it until it becomes automatic," I told Bill.

A GOOD WORD FOR SAND

I went into those preliminaries because the sight of sand frightens many average golfers when it actually isn't any more of a hazard than some fairway and rough lies.

Then I hit my shot onto the green and the other fellows batted up. Bill and I walked to his ball in the bunker. I told him that if the ball was rather deep in the sand all he could do was play it as an ordinary wedge shot, keep his weight forward and get the ball out. If the ball happened to be lying clear he merely had to play it as though it were a fairway shot.

The lie was pretty good, so I advised Bill to take an eight- or nine-iron or a wedge (whichever club he could play most confidently), set his feet firmly in the sand with his weight a bit heavier on his left foot and without turning his body hit the ball on the downstroke.

I impressed on him that he was to stand almost still but not stiff, swing the arms back a little, bend the wrists only slightly and hit into the sand. By all means he must remember to hit the ball before the club went into the sand.

Bill was very attentive. He gripped

the club firmly without being tense, and he played a nice little punch shot that landed 15 or 20 feet from the pin.

He looked apologetically at me and said, "I should have been nearer." I made no reply. I've seen times when I could have used a shot as good as that one.

But I thought I'd better let Bill satisfy himself that my thinking was sound about the way to play the shot from that trap to the green.

"Way don't you play the shot again?" I suggested.

"Can I play it my way?" Bill asked.

"Certainly."

I quietly remarked to Ed, who had halted on his way to the second tee, "I know how he will play it. He will stay back on his right leg, try to pick the ball clean and flip it onto the green. But I don't know how the shot will come out."

Bill rolled another ball into the bunker, played the shot just as I had forecast to Ed, and the ball went to within a few inches of the cup. Bill strutted out of the trap. He felt that he had improved on my technique.

I had to laugh; Bill was so highly self-satisfied.

"Play it again," I said.

"Why?"

"Because now you are trying to show me how to play. Before I get insulted I want to see you replay that shot your way."

He rolled another ball into the trap, and it was lying nicely on top of the sand. He stepped up to the ball, swung and dubbed the shot entirely. He left the ball in the sand.

"That's your way, and all you could expect. The proper shot was the one that you played first when you were a little in front of the ball, when the ball was about in line with your right heel and when your left arm and the shaft of your club were in line at address. Your second shot—that one you almost holed—was an accident. After that you reverted to the brainless system and just hoped on the shot. The ball didn't come up."

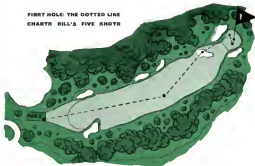
Then we walked up to Bill's first ball out of the trap, and I looked over the line of the putt that was a little less than 20 feet. "What do you figure on this one?" I inquired.

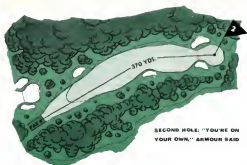
"Oh, it's a little uphill and it will fall away left to right on a slope."

My observation confirmed Bill's.

I said to him, "Now let's see you miss it on the left side, the top side

FIRST HOLE: THE DOTTED LINE
CHARTS BILL'S FIVE SHOTS





of the hole. Stroke that putt smoothly but don't move your head the breadth of one hair. If you miss then, O.K., but if you move your head you haven't got a chance to hole the putt or any excuse if you do miss it."

I didn't tell him anything about holding the putter. Any grip that is comfortable, that makes use of the tactile sense in the finger tips for control and that gets the face of the putter squarely across the line of the putt as the ball is stroked, is a good grip.

Keeping the hand steady and the face of the putter at a right angle to the line of the putt are the two essentials of putting. Everything else is individual style. The speed of the green and the touch or force of the putt are factors that can't be taught or even helpfully described, except to the extent that the length of the backswing of a putter may determine the length that the putt will travel.

Bill wasn't able to force himself to keep thinking. His putt went three feet beyond the hole and passed on the low side.

When a player misses sidehill putts on the low side he never is even close to making the putt, but if he misses on the high side every time that he does miss he is bound to be a beautiful putter. The odds of holing plenty of those high-side putts favor him.

Bill holed his three-footer, coming back for a 5. For his mental efforts on the first hole I could give Bill only about 50%. He didn't think about his drive. He did think while he was hitting his third shot. He was about 50-50 on his first putt. He was too high to have a chance to hole the putt, but he didn't go so far past and

on such an incline that he would have a delicate and dangerous putt coming back.

The second hole is the same type of hole as our first, except that the bend of the dogleg is from left to right, and the hole is about 60 yards shorter than the first.

I said to Bill, "Now here you are expected to show progress. What percentage of your mentality did you use in playing the first hole?"

Bill didn't answer directly. He mumbled, "I did the best I knew how," and held out a hand to his caddy for the ball the boy had taken out of the washer.

WHAT BILL LEARNED

"No hurry. Tell me what you have learned playing the first hole," I asked.

"I learned where to tee the ball. I learned that I should pay more attention to my footwork in aiming and playing the shot. I got an idea about how to play a bunker shot, and if I miss a putt to miss it on the high side of the hole."

I nodded.

"Have I got to think that hard every hole and every round?" Bill asked.

"No, but you'll have to use your head a whole lot more than you have been doing. You have to do that until you train yourself. Then a good deal of the brainwork will be done subconsciously. You won't be another Jones but you will be able to get around a course."

That prospect seemed to cheer him. Anyway, he laughed. I could almost see what was going on in his mind. He thought I was going to continue thinking his shots for him until

I had him hypnotized and by some magic he would keep on playing with my head. I blasted that pretty dream, quickly and cruelly.

"On the first hole I helped you. Now, in playing this hole, you are on your own. You should have a notion of what it's all about."

He wasn't bothered. He promptly proved that it had been a wasted effort to tell him where he should tee, considering the strategy of the hole. He walked to the right side of the second tee, bent over and pegged his ball up for his drive.

I didn't comment on this case of flunking a lesson. He should have played the ball from the left side of the tee to make the fairway as wide as he could get it.

He stood up to the ball well. His grip was careful and fairly good. He took a nice swing, smooth and in good balance and with some rhythm and zing to it.

The ball took off in a fine flight with a little bit of a hook that would have been most acceptable if he had used his head in selecting a place to tee his drive.

His drive landed in the rough to the left of the fairway. In incorrectly teeing the ball he had cut down the angle that should be figured in giving oneself an ample margin of error.

"A fine shot," I remarked. "The rough isn't bad."

"Yeah, but what bad luck to have a drive like that get into the rough. That must have cost me 10 to 20 yards," my partner wailed.

"No bad luck, bad judgment," I remarked. "I told you about teeing your drive so you'd give your shot plenty of space in the clear."

Bill softly and earnestly declared himself to be a stupid so-and-so.

"This is no time for character analysis," I reminded him. "You are not in bad shape. The ball is lying well."

He was 160 or 170 yards from the green. Guarding the green were bunkers to the right and left. The left-side trap was the deeper one and it was farther from the green than the trap on the right side.

NEXT WEEK: LESSON II

In his second lesson Tommy Armour describes Bill's difficulties in holing out and then analyzes his pupil's errors, before resuming stroke-by-stroke instruction as the foursome moves on to the third hole.

AN A FOR DARRALL

The boy who slept on an orange crate led a brilliantly drilled California squad to the basketball championship

by JEREMIAH TAX

ON A sunny August afternoon three summers ago, Pete Newell was sitting in his office on the University of California campus, about ready to yield to twin temptations of sunshine and a round of golf, when the phone rang, as is usual with the rise of the curtain on Act One.

A pleasant female voice said, "My nephew is coming up here to school in the fall from Los Angeles and I have to find him a place to live."

"They must have given you the wrong number," said Pete. "This is the athletic office. I'll have you switched to housing."

"No," the voice insisted, "they told me to speak to you."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said Pete, beginning to wish he'd thought about that golf game a few minutes earlier. "I'm only the basketball coach."

"That's right," the aunt said with a note of satisfaction, "and my nephew is a basketball player."

Here we go again, Pete thought—everybody's nephew is a basketball player these days. But there was nothing to do but go through with it. "All right," he conceded, "what's the trouble about a place to live?"

"Well," said the voice, "the first

thing is that my nephew has to have an extra long bed."

Suddenly the sunshine began to fade and golf was a game Pete could play any old time. "How tall is your nephew?" he said, and held his breath.

"Six feet eight," said the voice, "and he's still growing"—and as far as Pete was concerned it could be raining outside.

"What did you say this boy's name is?" said Pete.

"Imhoff," said his aunt. "Darrall Imhoff—with an A—and he's a very nice boy and he has fine marks in school and he wants to study forestry and he..."

"Don't go away," the usually polite Mr. Newell interrupted. "Stay by the phone. I'll call you right back."

Well, Pete found a bed and a place to live for Darrall (with an A, please) Imhoff. Actually, it wasn't much of a bed. As the handsome, blond crew-cut Imhoff tells it today, "What it was was an ordinary six-footer, and I put an orange crate on one end and put the pillow on that." And truth to tell, Imhoff wasn't much of a basketball player, either.

"I was just an awkward, growing kid," he says, "and the only reason

I played at all in high school is because I was so big."

But Pete Newell made a basketball player of him, a darn good basketball player, and last weekend Imhoff repaid Pete for that and for the bed with the orange crate by twice coming through in the clutch and giving Newell and California the NCAA basketball championship. Playing against Cincinnati in the semifinal round, California was desperately trying to contain the great Oscar Robertson, with the score tied and about three and a half minutes to go. Robertson drove to the base line, close in to the basket, went up for his jump shot, and Imhoff blocked it. California took plenty of time setting up the subsequent critical play, and it was Imhoff who worked himself clear in a low post position, took the pass and threw in a left-handed hook to put his team ahead 56-54. There were two minutes to go. Seconds later, Robertson went in for almost the identical shot as before, and Imhoff blocked that one, too. California was ahead to stay and finally won 64-58. Imhoff was the leading scorer with 22 and his team's top rebounder.

The next night, with 52 seconds to go in the title game against West Virginia, California's lead had been shaved to one point. West Virginia was pressing magnificently, had stolen the ball repeatedly in the previous few minutes, and it was still anybody's game. Imhoff got the ball near

CALIFORNIA'S GIRL CHEERLEADERS DAILY WHOOP IT UP ALONG LOUISVILLE STREETS



COACH NEWELL CHEWS ON A WET TOWEL



ONLY 14 SECONDS TO GO, AND DARRALL IMHOFF (40) SAVES THE GAME AND BRINGS THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TO CALIFORNIA

the base-line, a good 20 feet from the basket, and took another look. It was a laid shot, it rolled around the rim and came off. But Imhoff reacted beautifully, grabbed the rebound of his own shot and, off balance, he banked the ball perfectly off the board and through the cords.

There were 15 seconds left but the game was over. California converted a shot and a basket to West Virginia, being careful not to foul, and won 71-70.

There was, of course, a great deal

room to this final round in Louisville. Darrall Imhoff's two clutch performances. Sellout crowds of 18,000, guesswork some superb basketball both ways. But it is fair to say that the most important thing they saw was a demonstration of the principle often posited by coaches and far too infrequently followed by many of them: that good defense wins ball games. Pete Newell showed them.

Pete is a slender, graying 44-year-old, perhaps best known to fans for his habit of chewing on a wet towel

while he sits on the bench. "I do it because my mouth gets so dry when I watch a game." He has a flashing, quick smile, a vivacious blonde wife named Florence, four sons and the crusader's zeal for the kind of basketball he teaches—deliberate, highly disciplined offense and aggressive, man-to-man defense.

"People ask me," he says, "why I play what they call a slow style of basketball, the way they used to ask Eddie Lapat why he threw all that

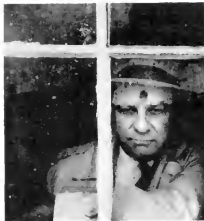
—Continued on page 18



MRS. NEWELL LENDS HER VOCAL SUPPORT

UNIVERSITY'S STRAW HAT BAND RAPTUREOUSLY GREET NEW NATIONAL CHAMPIONS





PEERING disconsolately out at the rain in Clearwater, Fla., which was stubbornly celebrating its Pan 'n Sun Week, is Phillie Manager Eddie Sawyer. The Phillies were washed out for five days.

DUNKING a baseball in the University of Tampa gym is White Sox First Baseman Ron Jackson. Joining in the foul-weather pastime are Coach Don Guttridge (39), Luis Aparicio (11), Sam Espilto,



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

AND THE RAINS CAME AND CAME

THE RAIN in Florida (and Georgia) fell mainly (and cheerlessly) on empty ball fields, horse tracks, racing cars and golf links last week during a near monsoon. But even when the sun came out, low, ominous thunder could be heard. It came from 12 major league training camps where disgruntled managers, who had brooded through a similar rainy season last year, grumbled about everything under the sun, particularly Arizona, where the other four teams were playing ball. As for the horseplayers, they were shut out at Sunahise Park, which shut down for four days because it couldn't live up to its name, but thousands at Gulfstream stood hopefully through what the Army delightfully calls "realistic weather" to watch horses run upstream and down.



SMILING beneath a horse's mudpack is Jacques Gilbert Le-Fleure, whose mount, Blagaym, finished sixth behind the slop-kicking heels of the leaders at Gulfstream Park.

SLOWING into a pit at Sebring during a practice spin is a Maserati owned by Carroll Shelby. Rain also fell during the Grand Prix, won by a Ferrari (see page 40).



CHIPPING IN THE RAIN is former national amateur champion Barbara Romack, who is togged out in two-piece waterproof and straw hat, as the women professionals open their spring tour



at showery Columbus, Ga. Bettye Muns Danoff (right) seeks shelter under a plastic slicker and umbrella. Rain-interrupted Royal Crown Cola Open was won by Betsy Rawls with 294.



REALLY NOTHING LIKE A DAME

Say what you like about the sturdy and manly virtues of the playing fields of sport but, as all sports managements well know, the scene improves immeasurably when there are women around. Here, culled from the news of these equinoctial days, are three arresting examples, at least a couple of them with touches of rare, explosive innovation



TO PUBLICIZE wrestling at Oregon State College, seven seemingly cords posed behind ribbons naming college wrestling's objectives. Coach Dale Thomas was delighted by the fresh approach; he holds amateur wrestling a great sport too little known, and the girls missionaries in a good cause. But OSC President A. L. Strand refused to admit the worthy ends justified the cheeseecake means, banned further efforts along these lines as the students mourned.

4 TO ACCOMMODATE the lightly turned fancies of two young men in the spring, a Charlotte, N.C. schoolgirl went out to a baseball game with two friends and, with a highly developed self-possession, played ball with both. Too preoccupied with love and/or baseball, Dark Shirt did not discover the handwork exchange going on behind her back. But in a situation rife with triple play, Mrs. Double Dealer took good care not to sit in the middle.

TO OPEN the NCAA hockey tournament at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y., Miriam Sanderson, Miss New York State, threw out a puck (but visible) and a smile while St. Lawrence and North Dakota players could still look cordial. But when Miss New York, in all her frosty finery, had retired to a box seat, the genial relations between the teams gave way to clash and clang. North Dakota Sioux won both games and title.



'BUT DON'T CALL US COOKIES'

AFTER a few weeks' practice together—and some pretty primping—these three Connecticut girls rode their polo ponies out onto the tanbark at Manhattan's Squadron A Armory. The Connecticut Cookies was the billing matchmakers wanted, but the girls rebelled, firmly selected the name Southbury (Conn.) Polo Club. They are the only members: Cynthia Michaels, 24, a magazine editor; Ann Braun, also 24, a schoolteacher; and Helen Putzel, 17, a high school senior. A women's polo team is such a rarity that there was nobody to play but men. Against a threesome known as the New York Knights the girls rode hard, played well, captured the crowd with their slim good looks and lost by a respectable 4 goals to 3.

Photographs by Les Chaplin



STUMPED BY HER BOW TIE, HELEN GETS HELP FROM ANN

HELEN MAKES NEAT BACK SHOT AS ANN AND OPPONENT MOVE IN



THE MEN TAKE OVER THE OFFENSIVE IN MID-ARENA AS





SMILING BUT FEELING "SOMETHING LIKE STAGE FRIGHT," GIRLS LEAVE THEIR DRESSING ROOM, HEAD FOR STABLE

THE GIRLS, CAUGHT OFF GUARD, HUSTLE UP IN HOT PURSUIT

TALL CYNTHIA CHATS BETWEEN CHUKKERS



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combines the mildness of a cigarette with the mellowness of a cigar. So, today, be sure to send your empty cigarette pack—any brand—with your name and address to: Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.



Robt. Burns Cigarillos... light and mild as a cigarette... mellow and satisfying as a cigar. The best of both rolled into one. Remember, send

your next empty cigarette pack to Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N.Y. Do it now! (Offer expires August 30, 1959 at midnight.)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Gangster Talk

LAST WEEK in these pages we took account of the fact that James D. Norris, who has managed to avoid giving testimony about boxing's dirty business to a New York grand jury, had made loud public talk in Tampa about the boxing business. Our conclusion was that if he had anything to say about boxing, he had better say it to the New York district attorney and to the grand jury, which was still waiting to hear him. We have since discovered that we were not aware of the full extent of Norris' Tampa blustering. We have learned that, in addition to what we quoted him as saying, he also said, "D'Amato could be hit by a street car, you know." This is a gangster-type threat against the man who has done most to defy Norris and his monopoly, and we are herewith making it a part of the printed record, just in case.

Friends for Life

DURING last month's preliminaries to the world amateur hockey championships in Prague, both the U.S. and Canadian teams played in a style long familiar to North Americans. But to the Europeans watching, more accustomed to finesse than body checks, it was less hockey than hooliganism. And for every crunching board check thrown by an American, it was not too much to expect a fight on the ice, a fight in the stands or a condemning editorial in a European newspaper next day.

So it is rather astonishing to discover, after the Prague matches, that while the outplayed U.S. team finished fourth in hockey it finished first in good conduct. (Canada finished first in hockey, sixth and last in conduct.) But it was more astonishing to

learn that it was not because our amateurs had decided to act better. Rather, the crystal cup for fair play went to the U.S. because the Europeans decided to act worse. The Russians, Swedes, Czechs and Finns, after adopting the bang-about techniques of the West, spent an aggregate of three hours or so in the penalty box, while the U.S. spent 42 minutes.

We set these statistics down chiefly for their oddity. Nothing could have mattered less to the players them-

selves. At the end of the rough days in Prague, all the players got together for a gala evening featuring food, speeches and vocalizing by a glee club from the Czech army. Hardly anybody could speak any languages save his own, but players from each of the six nations hugged each other delightedly, slapped backs. Correspondent Robert Daley of *The New York Times* pondered all this, set it down just right: "It is strange that a game such

continued

Canada wins the Hockey Championship of the World in rough series at Prague; U.S. wins the Good Conduct Cup. —NEWS ITEM



FIRST IN WAR

FIRST IN PEACE

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

as hockey should promote good will among the players. For days these young men had been smashing savagely at each other. Tempers had become frayed. There had been tripping, mauling, slashing, and worse. It is strange but true that when you bash a man over the head with a hockey stick in the heat of competition he becomes your friend for life."

Temporarily Out of Focus

IN BASKETBALL, where the objective is not a girl but a goal, men seldom get passes from guards who wear glasses, because guards with poor eyesight nowadays wear contact lenses. A player, moreover, can lose a lens as easily as a car can lose a hubcap—any good bump may do it—and this fact has led to a special kind of time out. When a lens jars loose, the referee blows his whistle and organizes both teams into a search party. The ten players fold their long bodies and begin to scan the gleaming floor, for the tiny object is 1) expensive and 2) indispensable to the player who has lost it. To the spectator who doesn't know about contact lenses, everybody on the court seems to have gone out of his mind.

They Said It

PETE NEWELL, University of California basketball coach, on being told that his wife Florence had broken her toe shortly before the NCAA tournament (which his team won by defeating West Virginia 71-70): "That's fine. Thank goodness it wasn't our center Dorrall Isakoff."

MAITLAND JONES, only member of the touring Yale squash team to win a match against schoolboy Elton as the Elton lost 6-1, reflecting on the reasons for the defeat: "It must have been all those years and tradition bearing down on us. Those playing fields have a terrifying reputation. (Besides) Elton made us run around too much."

TED WILLIAMS, 1954 American League batting champion, in a batting cage dream sequence overheard by the New York Daily News's Dick Young: "It's three-and-two—Detroit—lost of the ninth—two runs behind—Big Ted has got to hit a homer—boom! boom!"

WILLIAM FAULKNER, Nobel Prize-winning novelist, waking small of his broken collarbone after a fox-hunting fall from a horse outside Charlottesville, Va.: "No worse than a bad hangnail."

Nearly all fans should know about them now, though, for last Saturday afternoon a contact-lens hunt was televised nationally. It was the final of the National Invitation Tournament in New York's Madison Square Garden. St. John's University of Brooklyn was out for its third NIT championship, this time against Bradley University. (St. John's won. See page 5.)

The game was a little more than three minutes old when St. John's Guard Gus Alfieri lost contact with one of his lenses. The game stopped, the players knelt, and millions of watchers waited until Referee John Nucatola found what everybody was looking for. The cameras followed Alfieri to the sidelines and watched him replace his lens, and the microphones picked up the congratulatory roar of the crowd.

Contact lenses are so new to basketball that both schools and players are still working out ways of dealing with them. Some colleges pay for players' lenses and insure against their loss, and some don't. There are players who make a great fuss about washing the recovered lens, and need a mirror to get it reinstalled. Others merely wipe it on their trunks, spit on it—moisture of some kind is nec-

essary—and clap it back on their eyeball. The firmest policy on contact lenses is being established, here and there about the country, by the TV industry itself: if the telecast is sponsored, the search for a lens offers a fine opportunity to throw in an extra commercial.

House of 300

IN Fort Worth a bowling alley, which flaunts the modern public relations *délicatesse* that has made an alley into a lane by calling itself the Alley Bowl, is flourishing right now from publicity which no



press agent could invent, or even improve upon: the establishment and its owner, Frank Lieck, seem to be getting help from the supernatural. In six weeks, seven perfect games have been bowled on Alley Bowl's Lanes 19 and 20.

It started when a man named Bob Cruson dropped in one evening and bowled two perfect games, one after the other. (The score of a perfect game is 300; the good ordinary player averages about 160.) Two nights later he came back, asked for Lanes 19 and 20 again, and bowled a third one.

For two years before Cruson's performance, no 300 game had been scored in all of the city's 10 bowling alleys. Three of them in three days, therefore, attracted attention. Cruson, who had a rather poor reputation as a bowler, suddenly became known as a very good one indeed. People came from all over town just to look respectfully—or sometimes skeptically—at Lanes 19 and 20. One visitor, Jim Sapey, came to scoff but remained to play, and bowled the fourth 300 game on the two wonderful lanes. Cheerfully, Owner Lieck paid out ones more the \$50 cash with which he now rewards every player

continued



My second most prized possession

Mr. Charles Dillon "Casey" Stengel and his wife lead the colorful life.

The prize possession of Mr. Stengel, who is a banker and a linguist, is the sports *memorabilia* in his home. His second most prized possession: an RCA Victor *Townsend* Color TV set. Mr. Stengel explains:

"Now my wife could tell you that many years back, when I was working around Brooklyn, but we lived in New York—so there was quite a bit of commuting to work—but that was before I moved on to Boston, where I was only about 15 minutes away. Matter of fact, I guess I've been all over this country, and had a

lot of fun, and seen most places. And they still remember us in a lot of them, from which I got Christmas cards that we enjoy every year, especially the fellas you work with on one thing or another. It's all been a lot of fun. Especially Color TV."

More and more, Color TV keeps making a place for itself with people who lead the colorful life. No wonder. It's the most exciting television to watch—the proudest to own. It's the best television there is. Ask your RCA Victor dealer for a demonstration. Prices from \$495.

ON THE 5TH ANNIVERSARY OF COLOR TV—
SEE THE DIFFERENCE COLOR TV MAKES

For expert service and installation, RCA Factory Service is available in most TV areas. Nationally ad's list price shown, national with dealer, UHF opt., extra. Price, specifications subject to change without notice.



RCA VICTOR



Mr.
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The fairway isn't such a far way in Golf Shoes with

New NEOLITE *Flex Soles*

Now! An entirely new kind of comfort in leading brands of men's and women's golf shoes!

Golf's a lot more fun when you can forget about your feet and concentrate on your game. And that's exactly what the new golf shoes with NEOLITE Flex Soles help you do.

Here, at last, is a golf shoe sole that combines easy-

walking comfort, sturdiness and protection against dampness . . . that's good to your feet in every way you can think of!

So, when you buy new shoes—or have old ones re-soled for golf—insist on genuine NEOLITE Flex Soles. Step on it!

- Light, yet sturdy . . . flexible, yet firm!
- Damp-proof! Helps keep feet dry!
- Won't curl or twist . . . keeps shoes in shape!
- Won't crack or dry out . . . spike receptacles won't loosen!
- Famous for long, economical wear!



Insist on genuine NEOLITE Flex Soles . . .

1. When you buy new golf shoes!

2. When you have golf shoes re-soled!



NEOLITE *Flex Soles* made only by **GOODYEAR**

Watch GOODYEAR THEATER on TV—every other Monday evening

NEOLITE, AN EASY-TO-WEAR SOLE. © 1964 GOODYEAR RUBBER CO. A GOODYEAR COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

who scores 300 at Alley Bowl, and sat back to watch his business boom.

There were those who claimed that Lanes 19 and 20 were "slotted"—that is, slightly misshapen by long use so that the very conformation of their hardwood tended to guide the bowling ball into a strike. But Lieck had the lanes tested with gauges and levels—this is required once a year, anyway, by the American Bowling Congress—and the Fort Worth Bowling Association announced firmly that 19 and 20 were legal.

But while a few purists denounced Alley Bowl's two magic lanes as slotted, hundreds clamored for a chance to improve their scores on them, slots or no. After Jim Sapcey came Jim Sharpe, who bowled his perfect game on Lane 19 alone. After Sharpe came Roy Jarus, who, using both lanes, bowled two 300 games a week apart, bringing the total to seven.

Lieck now advertises Alley Bowl as the House of Three Hundred, and keeps busy turning down people who try to reserve Lanes 19 and 20 days in advance. It's first come, first served, says Lieck, and business is up 20%.

In the neighboring city of Dallas, where a new bowling house opens every week or so, searchlights and movie stars are brought on to attract attention. When Mickey Mantle opened his, he imported Tina Louise (SI, Feb. 2). This week the opening of The Cotton Bowling Palace will feature Jayne Mansfield in a gold lamé dress, rolling the first ball (gilded) at 10 golden pins. In Fort Worth, Frank Lieck reads of these costly wonders and smiles. He doesn't need Jayne Mansfield and golden pins: he has Lanes 19 and 20. They haven't produced a perfect game for some time now, but Fort Worth bowlers seem as eager as ever to be playing on them when they do.

Challenge of the North Face

WHAT IS LEFT for a mountaineer who has climbed Everest? For Sir Edmund Hillary, who scaled it with Tenzing in 1953, there is the haunting, 29,002-foot challenge to do

it again. Only this time he means to go over the mountain's unconquered north face, and without the oxygen tanks that some students of the problem consider necessary. All that detains him is the Peking government of China, which controls the permits for an ascent from the Tibet side. While he waits for permission—two petitions to Peking have not yet been acknowledged—Sir Edmund is making his plans.

"When I was a boy first taking an interest in climbing mountains, the north face of Everest was the traditional dream of everyone," he said in his Auckland study last week, where he is working on a manuscript recounting his traverse of Antarctica a year ago. "No one who tried that north face could manage to get past 28,000 feet. To me, that last 1,000 feet

remains as one of the great plums."

To beat the mountain and pick the plum, Hillary hopes to launch an expedition in April of 1960. (A rumor in mountaineering circles has it that a joint Chinese-Russian team also plans a north-face ascent next year. If it goes, Hillary will not because "there is just not enough room for two expeditions on the same face at the same time.") Most of the route has already been charted by earlier climbers, and Hillary got a look at the perplexing last 1,000 feet on the day in 1953 when he and Tenzing braced themselves against the summit winds and looked down, as far as they could, along that north slope. Still, Hillary admits he knows little about it, except that it is weather-beaten, precipitous, and that foot-

continued



"Let's send out feelers to O'Malley, Stowhew, Topping. . . ."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

holds and handholds, geologically speaking, point downward. "But I personally have the belief," he says, "that with a proper program of acclimatizing it should be possible to get men to the top and without oxygen. We might have to use the gas for heavy work in setting up high-altitude camps, but my point is that two men—excused from the work of making camp—could succeed." That the two may make it, Hillary's party will consist of 30 Sherpa porters and six mountaineers. A half-dozen scientists would probably go along to study the mountain and the reactions of the men trying to climb it.

Hillary is convinced the climb can be made this time, but he well recognizes the possibility of failure. He pointed to a chair in his study. It was presented to him by the City of Auckland after his first conquest of Everest. Its back rest carvings represent the shape of the tall mountain, and the north face affords him a comfortable support for his head in reflective moments. "I will say," said the knighted mountaineer, "the trip won't be quite as easy as this chair makes out."

Sign of Talents

ONE of the events of the London spring of 1892 was the fight between Peter Jackson, called the Black Prince, who was born in the British West Indies, and Frank Patrick Slavin, who was born in New South Wales. The fight was for the championship of England and Australia, and Jackson stirred the Empire by knocking Slavin out in the 16th. One young Briton stirred as much as any was a 17-year-old Harrow schoolboy named Winston Churchill, who gave promise even then in some of the arts that were to attract him later. He sat down and sketched the drawing shown here, which has just come to light.

The drawing turned up when its owner, a Brighton estate agent named Derek Owne, offered it, belatedly, for exhibition with the collection of Churchill art now on display in London's Royal Academy. The Academy turned it down because "unfortu-

nately we never add to an exhibition once it has been opened." Which is a pity, because it is evidence that Sir Winston, now a specialist in dreamy landscapes, might have had a fine career as a prizefight artist.

Owner Owne's family story of the drawing illuminates another aspect of Churchill's talents, however. Owne's grandfather was proprietor



of the Harrow tuckshop. Winston had run up a bill catering to his sweet tooth and was out of funds; so Britain's future Chancellor of the Exchequer presented *Knocked Out* "in lieu of debts incurred."

Meet Cecil

AS everybody must know by now, the breakup of the old IBC pattern in boxing has encouraged some newer and younger figures to venture into the wild terrain of fight promotion in the good old-fashioned spirit of competition. The latest of these is an affable young steel man named Cecil Rhodes Jr., 34. Cecil, who pronounces his name with a long *e* but will not blanch if you pronounce it with a short *e*, is going to promote the fight between Floyd Patterson and Brian London, the scowling Blackpool bullyboy, at Las Vegas this spring (see page 34).

Cecil has never yet promoted a fight, but he has undertaken other

exacting and unfamiliar roles before this. In one of them two years ago he appeared before millions of Americans in an isolation booth, on the now-departed *Twenty One* show, in fact. Cecil knew the name of the largest fresh-water lake in the world and the three states which border it, the minimum age requirements for U.S. senators and representatives, and so forth, and although he did not miss a question he nevertheless lost to Vivienne Newring, 21-17, by playing it on the cautious side. Cecil was well prepared for *Twenty One*, having taught economics at three schools (Harvard, Cambridge Junior College and Union Junior College), business law at Suffolk Law School, and having received three degrees (A.B., Brown; M.S., Harvard; LL.B., Harvard). Cecil's field is corporate reorganization, but he says he is no Cash McCall. "I believe in merger and shell operations where it is good for both management and labor, but not where it is ruthless," says Cecil, who is presently vice-president of Hoisting Fabricators of Bayonne, N.J., a steel-fabricating concern he reorganized. Cecil's previous experience in sports came at Brown where he was a second-string end on the football team ("I was considerably slimmer then," he says somewhat bashfully) and ran the 100, 220 and 440, and as owner of Lady Ann Reed, a trotter for which he paid \$60,000 and which rewarded him by setting a mile record of 2:02 1/2 for 3-year-old fillies on a half-mile track.

Cecil is often asked if he is descended from the Cecil Rhodes. "Cecil Rhodes never married," says Cecil, "and therefore he did not annectance, but his great-grandfather was related collaterally to my family." Cecil is also often asked why he is promoting this fight. "I have always been interested in sports," he says. "My wife is reserving her opinion, however."

Make the Last One Coffee

PIONEER LEGISLATION of the week: A bill passed by the lower house of the Iowa legislature provides a year in jail, \$1,000 fine or both for drunk-en water skiing.

END



PERRY JONES AND THE ROSE BOWL

IN MIAMI last week one of the most traveled men of the year, California's Perry Jones, tucked the Davis Cup under one arm and Alex Olmedo under the other and boarded a plane for Peru. Jones's immediate mission was to fulfill a promise to exhibit the cup in Lima (SI, Jan. 19) and to hand over Alex for a hero's homecoming.

Next comes another trip for Perry Jones—to New York for the April 4 meeting of the lawn tennis fathers and the gospel Jones is ready to preach, *i.e.*, that the West Coast deserves to be picked for the 1959 cup defense and that Pasadena's Rose Bowl is the place for it.

Officially, of course, the Westerners who dominate the USLTA are scrupulously insisting that nothing can be settled until the April 4 meeting. "We are engaged," says President Victor Denny of Seattle, "in a most comprehensive study of possible sites. And there are several under consideration." Full marks to Mr. Denny for his thoroughness, but the

West Coast has been far too shy about the merits of its case.

The West Coast deserves to have the cup defense this summer, and here are a few reasons why: 1) every one of the 18 past American cup defenses has been in the East, 2) this year, as always, the East gets the national singles and doubles, 3) Alex Olmedo is a product of the southern California tennis system, 4) tennis is a national game.

There are even first-class fiscal reasons for moving the defense to the Coast. "The Davis Cup comes too close to the national championships," said a Forest Hills figure the other day. "If the challenge round were held here [before the national singles] the revenue for the nationals would certainly nose-dive." Another way of saying it is that the West Coast has a big, untapped and deserving audience for such a defense.

There are financial hurdles to surmount before the Rose Bowl can be made ready for tennis. Jones esti-

mates that to build, need and nurture championship grass courts (nobody is seriously considering playing on concrete) will cost \$18,000 and that crowds of 15,000 to 20,000 a day will be necessary to meet expenses.

We have faith in the enthusiasm and imagination of California tennis fans and can think of a few of them offhand who could subscribe the \$18,000 over the weekend.

In fact the Californians might take an even more ambitious step and decide to build a new tennis stadium on the scale of some of those in Australia, or at least on the scale of that bastion of the East, Forest Hills. If they begin right away, in the spirit of the good old Seabees, the Californians could have a stadium ready by late summer.

In the same spirit, why shouldn't Texans (assuming the cooperation of Alex Olmedo) be building a stadium for the 1960 defense? There is a thought here for Chicago, Denver and Seattle, too.

END

HUNGRIEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

Toronto finished in whirlwind style to deprive

New York's forlorn Rangers of the last Stanley Cup berth

by WILLIAM LEGGETT and MARSHALL DANN

LAST SUNDAY NIGHT the National Hockey League's six-month, 70-game odyssey came to an end in a flush of excitement over the battle for the fourth and last attainable position in the Stanley Cup playoffs which begin this week. Montreal, Boston and Chicago had already won the first three spots.

In two cities 400 miles apart, the affections of followers of the New York Rangers and Toronto Maple Leafs reached out to urge their teams toward fourth place in the standings. For Ranger fans the shouts and prayers beseeched their skaters to hold on to what they already had, a dummiative, teetering advantage of one point going into the last night of the regular season. NHL standings are based on two points for a win and one for a tie. A win for New York in its last game of the season against the Montreal Canadiens in Madison Square Garden would have ensured Stanley Cup participation.

Yet, 11 days before the final night that participation had seemed in no danger. After all, the Rangers were then seven points ahead of Toronto, and in hockey it takes a lot of bad games to dissipate a seven-point lead. But the Rangers managed it; they started to skate on sand. They played five games in the period from March 11 to 18 and lost all of them.

Toronto, meanwhile, who throughout 64 games of the regular season had been unable to catch together a winning streak longer than two, abruptly began to play like demons and captured four games in a row.

Still, the ultimate advantage seemed to be with the Rangers. They were playing at home, even though against the Canadiens. They went into their grand finale grumbling over Toronto's Thursday night victory over Montreal. The Canadiens regular goalie, Jacques Plante, had come up with a boil on his neck before the

game which, Montreal Coach Toe Blake said, made it impossible for Plante to play against the Leafs.

Instead, the Leafs had the chance to shoot at Claude Pronovost, a wandering minstrel who was getting his NHL longevity stretched to two games. And Monsieur Pronovost was *merveilleux*, *merveilleux* at letting goals go by. In just two periods in the cage he let five goals slip past him, and Toronto had the game tucked away before Blake inserted a second goalie, Claude Cyr.

Upon hearing the news, Muzz Patrick, the general manager of the Rang-



LAST GAME effort by Montreal's Dickie Moore brought him new scoring record.

ers, made blunt and sordid comment. "There's nothing we can do about it. There's no real basis for a protest. But I'll say this. There's something stinking the joint out."

Perhaps the something was the Rangers' malevolent coach, Philippe Henri Watson, of whom New York fans were growing chary. Watson seemed to them to demean his players. Once this year he made them come back on the ice for a 43-minute work-

out after they had surrendered a 1-0 lead and lost 5-1 to Montreal in the last 10 minutes of the game.

"The people laugh at these things I do," says Watson. "They say, that Watson he's a real screwball; Little Napoleon, Hitler, Charlemagne. But the Rangers shall have the last laugh. . . . We shall make the playoffs."

Actually, Watson is no Napoleon. He turned out not to be much of a prophet either. This volatile compound of Captain Bligh and Doctor Spock does demean but also babies the erratic Rangers. Under his guidance they have looked wonderful on some evenings and horrid on others.

Last Sunday they were mostly horrid. They pressed Montreal from the start of the first period. When Harry Howell chipped in a goal from the right side with just about six minutes gone it looked as if New York would win fourth place on its merits.

Within less than two minutes, however, the Rangers got a good taste of champion Montreal's deadly scoring power. Dickie Moore and Jean Beliveau rammed goals past Gump Worsley and New York suddenly became a frenzied organization. To no avail. At 5:17 of the final period the Rangers fell two goals behind, and even though they did manage one more they were no longer a menace. They trooped to their dressing room beaten 4-2, forlornly hoping that Detroit could stop Toronto and give New York access to the Stanley Cup playoffs—through the back door.

Andy Bathgate (St. Jan. 12) summed it up precisely. "We had an awful lot of opportunities but we had to play hard, harsh hockey and Montreal could play relaxed. We had a lot of shots on Chuck Hodge, but it's like being on the green in a golf match and looking at the hole. It looks huge when you're lining up the putt but once you see the ball start to roll you can see the hole shrinking, shrinking. I'll just have to sweat out the Detroit-Toronto game and hope we back in. After all, if we do, it's almost like backing into Fort Knox."

Bathgate himself had been forced to back out of the \$500 award which

goes to the league's second highest scorer, thanks to Beliveau's three points against the Rangers. Dickie Moore won the Art Ross Trophy for being the league's highest scorer and the \$1,000 that goes with it when he set a new National Hockey League record of 96 points.

As Bathgate was dressing, the Detroit-Toronto game, which had begun 90 minutes after the face-off in New York, was building to a fabulous climax.

The Toronto forces learned that the chance was still theirs at 16:10 of the first period of the game in Detroit. But it was a slim chance. The Red Wings, who had done little to distinguish themselves all season and already had last place locked up, were holding a 2-0 lead when the final Montreal-New York score came over the public address system.

SCHIZOPHRENIC DETROIT

The announcement drew a great roar. The 11,646 crowd was truly laced with Maple Leaf supporters from across the Detroit River in Ontario. The usually loyal Detroit partisans also sensed the drama before them. In some schizophrenic way, they seemed to want the Red Wings to score goals while wanting the Maple Leafs to win the game.

After the first intermission the Leafs did something about it. They splurged for four goals in the middle period; even this was only enough for a 4-4 tie. When Dick Duff and Billy Harris added further goals in the final period, the outplayed Detroiters were finally convinced, 6 to 4. As the siren ended the game, the Detroit spectators gave Toronto a standing ovation of the sort last received here by those many Red Wing championship teams of the past. It was a strange, strange reaction, considering that hockey crowds are the most violent in sports.

Perhaps the outcome of the game will be viewed with skepticism in New York. Detroit lost leads of 2 to 0 and 3 to 2 along the way. Yet Phil Watson and his Ranger forces may be assured that Detroit played one of its better games, certainly far better than against New York on the same ice a day earlier.

"We're the hungriest hockey team in the world, and we're just getting started," hoarsely croaked George (Punch) Imlach, Toronto general manager and coach, above the locker-room bedlam later. "I told them they could do this if they wanted to



RANGERS' RED SULLIVAN COULDN'T FORCE THIS SHOT BY CANADIAN GOALIE HODGE

bad enough. It's work, work, work if you want to win in this game."

"Just like three years ago," yelled a beaming Frank (King) Clancy, Toronto's assistant general manager. "We had to win in Detroit the final night that time to do it, and we did it 2 to 0." Clancy and Imlach took a cautious stand when asked how they would do against the Boston Bruins in the semifinal round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. "What do you think—we'll beat 'em," shouted Toronto's Dickie Duff, still standing in full uniform long after the game.

For the one and a half hours before his team started, Imlach paced

up and down the Red Wing offices, eying reports on the New York-Montreal game as they came over a telegraph ticker. "Just give us a break in New York, and we'll take care of our end of it here," Imlach insisted.

The Leafs were prepared for their triumphant finish. A chartered airplane was waiting at nearby Windsor, Ont. airport, and was due to make only a brief stop at Toronto's Malton Airport on the run to Boston. Extra uniforms and other playoff equipment had been thoughtfully stored at the airport Saturday—just in case.

END

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE TAKES THE TITLE

by MARTIN KANE

Bullet-punching Davey Moore from Springfield, Ohio won the featherweight title from Nigeria's Hogan (Kid) Bassey

A NEW CHAMPION reigns in boxing's featherweight division, and, of all things, he is an American lad, which is quite a rarity in a division that now has only one other American, Paul Jorgensen, ranked in the National Boxing Association's top 10. The new champ is Davey Moore, called the Springfield Rifle because he hails from Springfield, Ohio and hurls like a .30-06 bullet.

He pulled the trigger on Champion Hogan (Kid) Bassey, Nigeria's proud Member of the British Empire, in the sixth round of a bloody fight at Los

Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. He was using a double-barreled big-game rifle at the time, a weapon that fired a left hook and a clubbing overhand right with such impact that after the bell a second or so later Bassey was too dazed to find his corner but wandered about the ring like a lost child. His corner, equally dazed, gave him no particular help.

Up to that time Bassey had been winning against a stage-frightened Moore, who had all but trembled with tension at the morning weigh-in and opened the fight with such awk-

ward stiffness that he twice fell down, in the third and fifth rounds, from the force of his own missed punches. During those early rounds Bassey, a man of dour dignity, looked very much the champion.

Though the fight eventually was stopped, after the 13th round, because Bassey was blinded by his own blood and could no longer see his opponent, it was the sixth-round combination that won it. It gave Moore a world of confidence and it took most of the steam out of Bassey. He seemed, in fact, to be slightly grumpy when he came out for the seventh.

This is not to suggest that Moore was a timid fighter at any stage of the bout but only that, for all that he wears a dashing mustache, he is a modest young man, a well-raised minister's son. The thought that he was to fight for the championship, it seemed at the weigh-in, stuffed his stomach with butterflies. He confessed to tension before the fight, and in those early rounds he seemed to relax only when he was hit hard. Then he raged back and in every such exchange forced Bassey to give ground.

He gained further confidence, after that sixth-round explosion, from the discovery that Bassey is one of the more profuse bleeders of our time. The champion was cut about the eyes

continued

OUTCLASSED IN EARLY rounds, when Champion Bassey bossed in the sixth with a left-right combination to the head that sent Davey Moore reeling, the challenger Moore suddenly fought back.





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THE
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and on the cheek, and blood streamed from his broad, flat nose. In the closing rounds the champion made a pathetic figure as he paused from time to time to dab at his eyes in a vain effort to see. Moore, following instructions of his corner, jabbed at the cuts at the start of each round and quickly undid the patchwork surgery of Bassey's corner mates. At the end of the ninth Bassey's manager, George Biddles, a former Liverpool pubkeeper, inquired solicitously if his charge wanted to "retire," which is British for quit.

Bassey refused. He is a gamester and a patriot. It had been his plan, in fact, to make his next defense of the title in Nigeria as part of a national celebration.

So Bassey came out for the next four rounds to take an impressive beating. He hung on through the 10th while Moore bashed him with rights and lefts. His white trunks were smeared with red. In the 11th, after Moore had pummeled him with hooks and overhand rights, Bassey recovered enough to score with one good right. But Moore then moved in and began to punish his body with an exhausting tattoo.

Bassey could not flinch his corner again after the 12th, though it was a round in which his hitherto relentless opponent did very little. One guessed that Moore, now confident of victory, had decided to coast and thus pace himself through the first 15-round fight of his career. He did very little punching in the 13th, too, but very little was necessary. The blind Bassey was in impossible shape.

If it had not been a championship fight Referee Tommy Hart would have stopped it on his own authority. As it was he walked over to the Bassey corner and consulted with George Biddles. "Is he going to make it?" Hart asked. "He's had it," Biddles replied. Bassey made no protest. "I can't see," he complained.

It was a sensible ending, for after that 13th it was obvious that nothing could save him. There was postfight criticism that Biddles should have hired one of the top American cut men, like Whitey Bernstein, since Bassey has been stopped on cuts before. That might have been a wise precaution, but not even the magical surgery of a Bernstein could have repaired Bassey's lacerated face. The cuts were gouged deep, and one of them, above

his right eye, flowed in the dressing room a half hour after the fight.

Thus ended the rather brief championship of Okon Bassey Asuquo who, as the Anglicized Hogan Bassey, had knocked out Cherif Hamia at Paris in June 1957 to pick up the title vacated by Sandy Saddler. Though he had fought five over-the-weight matches he had defended the title only once before, when he KO'd the Mexican challenger, Ricardo Moreno, in three rounds.

Davey Moore won his championship under the handicap of infected tonsils, and, according to his manager, Willie Ketchum, had endured a 101° fever on one of the closing days of his training. The tonsils, Ketchum said, must be removed before Moore takes on Bassey in a rematch, most likely at Los Angeles' new municipal sports arena in the fall.

Moore is one of the lesser-known champions, partly because there is so little featherweight action in the United States and partly because rival managers recognized his ability very early and refused to expose their fighters to his bullet punching. He took to the road, therefore, very like that other Moore, the venerable Archie, who spent his youth looking for fights in the world's outposts. Davey found opponents in the Canal Zone, in Cuba and, finally, at Tijuana, Mexico, where he encountered Kid Anahuar in the hull ring. It was then a revered Tijuana tradition that Kid Anahuar should not lose on home territory. But Moore bravely took a split decision, and outraged Mexicans showered the ring with missiles and set fire to the stands. They were quelled by cops, and last September Moore quelled Kid Anahuar once again, this time in Los Angeles. Then he polished off Ricardo Moreno with a one-round knockout, two rounds earlier than Bassey had been able to do it. That made it inevitable that Moore would meet Bassey. It was a sad night for the Nigerians.

Announcement that Floyd Patterson will fight Brian London for the heavyweight championship at Las Vegas late in April, before he defends the title against Ingemar Johansson at New York late in June, resulted in some of the nation's sports pages being printed in squalid ink instead of the usual printer's ink. The same sports pages that once had reviled Patterson for not fighting often enough began to revile him for pro-



LACERATED Bassey (left) was cheered by Moore, who will meet him again this fall.

posing to fight too often. Or something of the sort. Nothing was made very clear. In view of the fact that James D. Norris had recently sworn on Frankie Carbo's shield that the Patterson-Johansson fight would not come off, one might suspect that a press campaign had been launched to give Norris his dearest wish—that Cus D'Amato, manager of Patterson, be thwarted in all his endeavors.

Some facts may clear the air:

Brian London is a pure cinch to be ranked No. 4 in the April ratings of the National Boxing Association now that Nino Valdes has been knocked out of contention by the unranked Charlie Powell. London is now No. 5.

Patterson surely needs a fight before he takes on a puncher as dangerous as the No. 1 challenger, Ingemar Johansson.

London has stopped Norris' erstwhile No. 3 contender, the now forgotten Willie Pastrano.

London, for all his high ranking, has clear deficiencies, but he is at least as good as the preposterous fat man, Don Cockrell, who once was foisted on San Francisco fans as a fit opponent for Rocky Marciano. Norris promoted that fiasco.

It is not altogether rare for a champion to take on a lesser opponent before meeting a No. 1 challenger. Sugar Ray Robinson, for instance, did it before he met Gene Fullmer for the first time, and Sugar Ray is now talking of taking on some tune-up, and unranked, nonentities before he fights Archie Moore in a Norris promotion.

END

Monstrous was the word for Sebring

**So said Co-winner Phil Hill
after driving some 200 miles on
the skiddy, rain-swept track**

THE WEATHER at daybreak perfectly set the stage for the critical hours of last Saturday's world championship 12-hour sports car race at Sebring, Fla. Fog hid the sun and gave the air a clammy chill. By 10 a.m., starting time for the race, the fog had thinned, but the gloomy darkness remained. The customary buoyant mood of the racing people had already been depressed by a week of heavy rain, which cut practice time drastically, and by the fatal accident in the night practice on the previous evening of a 30-year-old Detroit automobile salesman and weekend driver, E. P. Lawrence, whose three-liter Maserati had flipped and burned.

More tension resulted from a dispute between the powerful Ferrari team and the Sebring management. At one point Team Manager Romolo Tavoni threatened to withdraw the cars, insisting that he had orders from home to use Ferrari's contract fuel (Shell) and that he had been given prior assurance that the team would be excused from the traditional Sebring requirement that only one kind of gas be used. Amoco, which promotes and contributes heavily to the Sebring operation. Race Director Alec Ulmann insisted that Amoco be used. Finally the chief U.S. representative for Ferrari, Luigi Chinetti, served as peacemaker and persuaded Tavoni to relent. Had the cars actually been withdrawn, the race, as the figurative saying goes, would have run out of gas.

Disappointing news came from the Connecticut sportsman, Briggs Cunningham, that he hadn't been able to



TRAILING WATERY ROOSTERTAILS LIKE

work the bugs out of an experimental water-cooled braking system (S.I., March 16) in time for the race and that he had refitted conventional disk brakes on the English Lister-Jaguar concerned.

However, it takes more than bad weather and a disappointment or two to keep deep-dyed followers of road racing away from Sebring. The spectators who turned out last week had no reason to regret the trip, because the race held in store phenomenal driving and much suspense.

Britain's Roy Salvadori was first away in the Le Mans-style start, and behind him onto the 5.2-mile course came a noisy swarm of 64 sports cars, wisp-sized 750 cc. DBs from France buzzing along as aggressively as the maximum-displacement three-liter races at the other end of the engine scale. Salvadori's green Aston Martin led at the end of the first lap but soon retired because of mechanical difficulties. As expected, the factory Ferraris swiftly poked their sleek red snouts to the front—those driven by France's Jean Behra and California's Dan Gurney at once and, within 15 laps, that of Belgium's Olivier Gen-



WINNING CO-DRIVERS Olivier Genesien (left), of Belgium, and Phil Hill, of California, wear their victory smiles beside the cup presented by Race Director Alex Ulmann.



SO MANY SPEEDBOATS. THE CARS HEAD INTO FLORIDA DUSK ON INUNDATED TRACK

debien, which had made a poor start. In the pits the wonderfully gifted Californian, Phil Hill, awaited his driving shift in the No. 8 car driven by Gendebien, his co-driver in victory last year in the biggest sports car race of them all, the 24 Hours of Le Mans. Two of the three Lister-Jaguars, the Ferraris' most formidable opposition among the big cars, rolled along in the first flight, Britain's Ivor Bueb leading New Jersey's Walt Hansgen, and in the pits the great British driver, Stirling Moss, waited to relieve Bueb. No chance for Moss to worry the opponents by making one of his customary sprints at the start of a long distance race. But he would be more effective in reserve.

SECURITY IN HIS SIXTH

Behra did the sprinting for Ferrari, stretching his lead over Gendebien to two minutes by the time he gave his seat to Co-driver Cliff Allison after 40 laps, but some work on the car's starter motor took a costly five and a half minutes.

Hill relieved Gendebien and, with traffic sorted out after the first round

of pit stops, held a comfortable lead over California's Chuck Daigh, Gurney's co-driver, and a big margin over Allison. Driving with great security in his sixth race at Sebring, Hill took just over 20 laps to attain a full lap lead on Daigh's second-place Ferrari. Moss passed Allison but could not reasonably hope to catch the flying Hill from so far behind. As the sun shone brightly now, only to deceive, so did Hill's Ferrari dominate the race at midday. When it had done 78 laps, Hill heard "a helluva noise" at the rear and the car was retired with a damaged pinion bearing.

The Hansgen Lister-Jaguar had dropped out of contention with a broken De Dion tube, leaving the task of besting the Ferraris squarely with Moss. He seemed perfectly capable of it. Driving the streamlined new car with body designed by British Aerodynamicist Frank Costin, Moss chipped steadily at the lead of Chuck Daigh's Ferrari. When Daigh pitted to hand the car to Gendebien—free along with Hill to substitute in other team cars—Moss went ahead. But suddenly Moss, too, was out. He is said to have shrugged off a signal to

go into the pits in order to turn just one more lap. At any rate, the fastest road-racing driver in the world stalled on the course. By riding to and from the pit, instead of walking, and then accepting a push by another Jag to get his car to the pit, Moss invited disqualification, and his mount was black-flagged off when he resumed the race.

As a crackle of thunder and a flash of lightning from a nearby electrical storm heralded Moss's departure, the Ferrari manager, Tavoni, glowered at the sky and at the amazing Porsche Spyders which zipped smartly past his command post. With Moss out, Behra held the lead, having relieved Allison; but a miscue could allow the 1.6-liter Porsche of Germany's Wolfgang von Trips and Sweden's Joakim Bonnier to slip ahead. This silver dart had already passed the other contending Ferrari, according to Tavoni's chart; two 1.5-liter Porsches were well-placed for a long run at the Ferraris—one driven by Germany's Edgar Barth and the Connecticut veteran John Fitch, the other by the U.S. Porsche experts, Bob Holbert and Don Sessler.

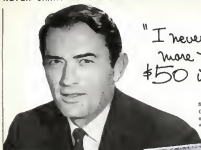
Tavoni worried mostly about the rain that began to fall lightly and then more and more heavily. The team had no special rain tires. Pre-race practice in the rain, with conventional tires, had been dismally poor. Nearly half the race remained to be run, it would be getting dark soon, and rain would not only slick the road part of the course but collect in dangerous puddles on the concrete airport runway stretches.

As it rained, these expected hazards quickly became real. Now began probably the most nerve-jangling and exhausting session of road racing ever recorded in this country and one with few equals in the world. No matter how extravagantly the drivers may embroider the tale for their grandchildren one day, they will hardly be able to convey the desperateness of their predicament. It is certainly arguable that to keep driving courted disaster. It is always said that road racing men never quit because of rain. And they didn't this day.

Phil Hill, a superb driver on wet pavement, took the Gurney-Daigh-Gendebien Ferrari—lucky No. 7—gained second place and set out after the leading Ferrari driven by Allison. Less experienced than Hill, Allison found his steering so unpredictable

continued

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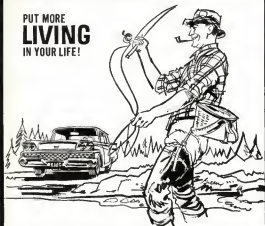
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SEBRING continued

that he came to the pits thinking something had gone wrong with the car. He was shocked to discover nothing had. And Hill thereby assumed the lead.

With nightfall, and only headlights for illumination, half-lit roostertails of water followed the racers as they ploughed through the puddles. A Stanguellini skidded and wrapped around a bridge pillar, leaving the driver unhurt. Lance Reventlow, builder of the Scarab sports cars, got no steering response as he approached one corner, and he went off the road at high speed in the privately entered three-liter Ferrari of Georgia's E. D. Martin. He stayed in the race and ultimately the car placed sixth.

The rain stopped after two and a half hours and a rainbow appeared, but the course remained treacherous until near the end when the cars had dried a path. Having persevered for 41 laps, Phil Hill was finally relieved by Gendebien after the car's 163rd lap of the day. Hill stood speechless for a moment when asked to compare the conditions with those at Le Mans last year, where it had rained so long and hard.

"It's monstrous," he said finally. "I've never seen anything like it before, at Le Mans or anywhere else."

POINTERS WITH PRIDE

Despite the hazards no serious injury was reported, and Hill by his skill and bravery gave Gendebien a margin of more than one lap to play out to the finish. When the race ended at 10 p.m. Gendebien still had the lap over the second-place Ferrari, driven by Behra at the end, and four laps over the third place Von Trips-Bonnier Porsche. If Italy could point with pride to five Ferraris among the first 10 finishers, and Germany to six Porsches among the first 11, France won no small honor in the victory on Index of Performance (handicap) by the tiny DB of Paul Armagnac and Gerard Laureau.

In the tense moment at the finish, with 48 cars still racing, everyone strained to see the winning Ferrari completing its last round—the 188th for a total distance of 977.6 miles, at an average speed of 89.257 mph—Phil Hill jumped with joy and, seeing the gallant red car, flashed a team placard saying "Bravo" for Gendebien to see. Hill deserved three cheers and a sis-boom-bach himself. **END**

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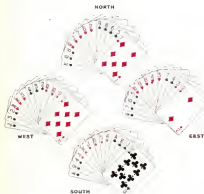
Even tough for experts

WHEN experts aren't engrossed in the fascinating pastime of trying to shellac other experts at the bridge table, they sometimes play around with a little game that goes as follows:

They show a fellow expert the four hands of a deal, with all 52 cards exposed, and say: "Which side would you take—North-South at a six-club contract, or East-West on defense against that contract?" The hoped-for victim is given time to study the situation from all angles, and a wager frequently results.

The wily expert will, of course, be on firm ground before risking his capital.

Many bridge hands have been used in this way, but few of them are tough enough to submit to a genuine, top-flight performer. The deal shown below is one of those few—it has tripped up some of the bridge world's keenest analysts.



Since this is really a double-dummy problem (i.e., all 52 cards are exposed), the bidding and the vulnerability don't matter. The only important facts are: South is in a six-club contract, and West leads the king of hearts. Now having paid your money, you take your choice. Where do you prefer to sit, in the declarer's seat or as

defender against the contract? I beseech you to play if fair and read no further until you have made a firm decision. Incidentally, this deal might be a fine trap to spring on bridge-playing friends in your own circle!

To help you out, in case your eyes just happened to stray this far, South can get a fine start toward fulfilling the contract by trumping the opening lead, cashing the diamond ace and ruffing a low diamond with the 5 of clubs, then leading the club 6 to his ace and ruffing another low diamond with the trump 8. Now South leads the trump 9 to his king, ensnares the diamond king and arrives at this interesting position.

WEST		EAST	
♦ J 3 2	♥ A 5	♦ Q 7 6 5	♥ 10 9
♦ A 5	♦ Q	♦ —	♦ —
NORTH		SOUTH	
♦ K 10 8	♥ K J 7	♦ A 9 4	♥ —
♦ —	♦ —	♥ J 6	♦ J

Last call for the dining car: can South take all the rest of the tricks except one against the best defense?

The answer is no.

South properly leads the diamond jack, and it looks as though West is going to be squeezed. However, West discards the heart 5, and the heart 7 is then thrown off from dummy.

Declarer now leads his last diamond, and it is true that West can't find another safe discard. If he throws a spade, South cashes the ace and king of spades, and then ruffs a heart with the club jack, bringing home a 12th trick. But West doesn't discard this time—he ruffs the last diamond with the high trump, and now it is the dummy that is squeezed! If another heart is discarded from that hand, West simply lays down the high heart; and if a spade is thrown, West leads a low spade, and declarer is fixed.

Did you make the right choice?

EXTRA TRICK

It is rare indeed that a contract depends on the holding of a 7-spot instead of a 6; but in winding up the case now under our consideration, let's note that South can make the slam if dummy has the 9-8-7-3 of trumps instead of the 9-8-6-5, or if that all-important 7 is transferred from East to West.

END



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Dr. Ray's Chinese fish dinner

For this scientist who spends a lot of time under water there is no better food than fish

DR. CARLETON RAY, assistant to the director of the New York Aquarium and co-author of *The Underwater Guide to Marine Life*, is a dapper handsome young man who loves to frolic with a walrus named Olaf (see above). When Dr. Ray and Olaf go for one of their regular swims together in the creature's oceanic tank they play a submarine game of tag in which walrus chases man and gets fish as a prize.

At his own dinner time Dr. Ray sees entirely eye to eye with Olaf about the delectability of fish. There is no better food, he believes, for people as well as walruses. "The fact," he says, "that fish gives you more of the things that are good for you is just an added bonus. There is so much flavor in fish that real meat seems pretty tasteless by comparison."

Not only does Dr. Ray feel strongly about the satisfactions of eating fish; he is extremely expert at cooking it. This is a happy thing for his bride of just this month, the former Patricia Courleigh, who also prefers fish to meat and who plans to relinquish her place at the stove to husband Carleton absolutely any time he finds himself in a mood for culinary creation. "I'll just cook the mundane things," says Pat, "and let him do the fancy ones." The two are currently on a skin-diving honeymoon in Nassau, where the young scientist also is advancing his work as coordinator of a project to establish an underwater park in the Bahamas.

"I began fooling around with cooking as a youngster," explained Dr. Ray recently in his Aquarium office. "But I started to really learn just a few years ago when I began to visit the home of a Chinese friend here in New York. I spent a lot of time in that kitchen trying to figure out the thousand-year-old secrets of the Chinese cook, who spoke no English."

It is sometimes said in China that it is better that one should wait for the meal than that the meal should wait for one. Dr. Ray agrees. "The important thing about any good food," he said, "is to serve it when it is ready, not when it is overcooked or has become soggy. For me, fish is a great dish because it can be cooked quickly. When I have my Chinese-style fish dinner I can get things set up ahead of time so that the cooking itself takes only about 10 minutes. Guests hardly know I'm out of the room."



EXPERT ON MARINE LIFE ENJOYS ROMP WITH CAPTIVE WALRUS

In the kitchen of his erstwhile bachelor apartment in Greenwich Village, Dr. Ray has often turned out the splendid preparation of black sea bass shown on the opposite page. Sometimes he substitutes striped bass, carp, red snapper or rockfish of the Pacific Coast in the same recipe, which is his own modification of a classic Chinese dish.

BLACK SEA BASS, CHINESE STYLE (for four)

2 2-pound black sea bass	4 tbsp. dark soy sauce
4 dried Chinese mushrooms	2 tbsp. cornstarch
5 dried Chinese lichen	4 tbsp. sherry
2 scallions	2 tsp. plain white vinegar
12 pods fresh snow peas	1 tbsp. sugar
6 thin slices fresh or pickled ginger	2 tsp. salt
4 water chestnuts, preferably fresh	flour
	light vegetable oil

Put mushrooms and lichen in a bowl; cover with hot water and soak for two hours. Cut the white part of the scallions in thin slices and the tenderest section of the green stems into small cylinders. Trim the ends from the pods of snow peas. Cut the ginger in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares and the chestnuts in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices.

Make a sweet-and-sour sauce by combining soy sauce, cornstarch, sherry, vinegar, sugar and salt with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water.

Have the two fish scaled and gutted and fins clipped off, but leave on heads and tails. Slash fish to backbone with diagonal gashes $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch apart, on both sides.

Heat over a high fire enough oil to cover fish a bit more than half way in the pan. Brush fish with flour, then fry in hot oil one minute on each side. Turn down heat and give them three more minutes on each side (this direction is for 2-pound bass; larger fish will take longer). The outside should be crisp, while the inside is left tender and slightly moist. Take out the fish, put them in a warm place, and discard all but 2 tablespoons of oil.

Now drain the mushrooms and the lichen and put them in the pan in which the fish was cooked, along with the snow peas, chestnuts, ginger and scallions. Fry quickly over high heat, stirring constantly, for a minute or two; the vegetables should be just barely cooked. Add the sweet-and-sour mixture and cook until the sauce clears and thickens. Turn down the fire and place the cooked fish back into the pan, spooning the sauce over the fish for a minute or two. Serve immediately with dry-cooked white rice.



Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: I'm planning to take a spring skiing vacation. What areas will be open after March 30, and what are the snow conditions at each?

BELOW is a list of areas where skiing should last at least through April. I've included an estimated closing date, the present snow depth and a person to call for a last-minute snow report—a must before taking off.

QUEBEC Good everywhere until April 15, with following areas best: **MT. TREMBLANT:** Outlook good, with current snow depth 61 inches. Call Mt. Tremblant Lodge, Mt. Tremblant 83 for conditions. **MT. OXFORD:** Skiing through April, possibly until May 15. Present depth 61 inches. Call Jacques Audette, Magog, Victor 3-3031. **LAC BEAUFORT:** Until April 15, depth now 58 inches. Fritz Loosh, Quebec City, Victoria 9-4461.

NEW HAMPSHIRE **MT. WASHINGTON:** No lift. Best spring skiing area in the East; snow is sure to last to Memorial Day, probably into June, with snow piled 40 to 70 feet deep at foot of Headwall and Little Headwall filling in with wind-blown snow. Don't overlook snow fields near the top of the mountain. Last year the auto road to the top opened in time to let skiers drive up, ski down. Contact Appalachian Mountain Club, Gorham, Homestead 6-3994. **WILD CAT:** Probably best lift-served spring skiing in the East, since the sun hits north slopes at Wildcat only a couple of hours daily. Excellent prospects until April 30. Depth now 26 to 46 inches. Kay or Neil Jensen, Gorham, Homestead 6-2295. **CANNON MT.:** Skiing until closing day, April 19. Present base 6 to 46 inches. Eve Hodge, Franconia, Valley 3-5561.

MAINE **SUGARBUSH:** Should be open through April. Slopes on top of the mountain, a three-mile hike up Tote Road, can be skied into May. Blanche Goodwin, Kingfield, Congress 5-2663.

VERMONT Spring skiing good throughout April at most areas unless an unexpected thaw hits. **MAD RIVER GLEN:** Skiing until April 26, depth now 60

inches. Ken Quackenbush, Waitsfield 20 ring 2. **SUGARBUSH:** Gondola will keep top accessible even if the bottom is soft. Depth 50 inches. Jack Murphy, Waitsfield 46 ring 2. **STOW:** Average closing date past 30 years has been April 22. Present depth 60 inches. Bob Bourden, Stowe, Alpine 3-7716. **BROOMLEY:** Skiing until April 15. New chair lift now in operation. Fred Pabst, Manchester 315. **VT. SNOW:** Ought to have good conditions until April 30. Win Lauder, Wilmington, Homestead 4-3333. **KILLINGTON:** High elevation ought to keep area going into May. Preston Smith, Bridgewater, Orford 2-3703.

MASSACHUSETTS **MT. GRAYLOCK:** No lift. State's highest mountain often has snow into May for skier willing to hike two miles up Thunderbolt Trail.

NEW MEXICO **TACOS:** Ought to last until May 3 in area served by lift. Skiing until June 14 by Sno-Cat at 13,000-foot level. Chilton Anderson, Taos, Plaza 8-3537.

COLORADO **ASPEN MT. AND BUTTERMILK:** Close April 12. **ASPEN HIGHLANDS:** April 13. **ASHCROFT:** 10 miles from Aspen; offers spring touring until late May. Contact Stuart Maue, Aspen, Walnut 5-7345. **ARAPAHOE BASIN:** Spring skiing, including high-mountain touring until May 15, open only weekends thereafter until June 1. John Bailey, Arapahoe No. 2.

WYOMING **TETON PASS:** 25 miles from Jackson, Wyo. No lifts. Prospects good to end of May, depth 100 inches at pass. Best skiing of all in magnificent Glory Bowl 3,900-foot vertical drop, reachable with sealskins. Betty Woosley, Jackson 632R2.

UTAH **BRIGHTON:** Lifts run until June. Gene Simpson, Brighton 4. **ALTA:** Some of the best spring skiing in the West. Open until June. Chick Morton, Alta 2.

IDAHO **LOOKOUT PASS:** Near Mullen. Lift skiing should last until April 20.

Depth now 80 inches. Dr. E. D. Fitzgerald, Wallace 1272 or 4461.

MONTANA **BIG MOUNTAIN:** Skiing until end of April. Miles of open slopes and trails from top of mountain reached by Sno-Cat. Karl Hinderman, Whiteface, University 2-2845.

ALBERTA **SUNSHINE VILLAGE:** 14 miles west of Banff. Skiing until April 26. Snow depth 64 inches. Walter Fisher, Banff, Poplar 2-3458.

CALIFORNIA **MAMOTH MT.:** Skiing from lifts or Sno-Cats through June. Snow 14 feet. Nick Gunter, Mammoth Lakes, Crowley Lake 311. **INYO BASIN:** No lift. Touring should last right into June. Snow 11 feet. Bruce Morgan, Lone Pine 2281. **MT. SAN Geronimo:** Wilderness area with no facilities but possibly some of the best spring skiing in the state. Skiing should last into July. Reached by San Bernardino freeway, turnoff to Barton Flats, there obtain final directions at the restaurant and gas station. **MT. SHASTA SKI BOWL:** Open to the end of July, 200 inches of snow at bottom of lift. Bill di Cristina, Mt. Shasta, Walnut 6-2484. **SQUAW VALLEY:** Will operate daily through April, weekends after April as long as snow lasts. John Backman, Tahoe City, Juniper 3-3361.

OREGON **TIMBERLINE LODGE:** Lift skiing well into August. Present depth 138 inches. Clyde Martin, Government Camp, Timberline Lodge No. 1. **MT. BACHELOR:** Lift skiing to July 1, upper slopes until August 15. C. J. Morgan, Bend, Evergreen 2-2367.

WASHINGTON **WHITE PASS:** Should operate until the middle of May. Depth now 61 inches. Glen Young, Yakima, Glencourt 3-4727. **MT. BAKER:** High trails skiable into August, glacier skiing right up to Lahor Day. Lifts will operate through July 5. Blueberry Hill tow will run to August, then a tow will be set up for glacier skiing on Table Mountain. Mrs. Walt Hinds, Glacier, Lyndhurst 9-3377. **END**



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Glad to have you around, but ...

An open letter to Mr. Frank Lane, the executive vice-president and general manager of the Cleveland Indians



TRADER LANE: BARKER, BATTLE, AND A PRO WITH IDEAS

DEAR FRANK:

AT SPORTS ILLUSTRATED we have watched your career with great interest. Sometimes we have criticized you; sometimes we have laughed at you; sometimes we have patted you on the back and laughed with you. But we have almost always been 100% on your side.

We think you are good for baseball. You have a love for the game which is infectious. You have tremendous energy and enthusiasm and you have channeled these into your job—which, to you, has always been a bit more than that.

Still, it has been a job, and this is good, too. You have not been a wealthy, pampered man riding a hobby. You have had to work hard to succeed, and success has not rapped your incentive, rising prosperity has not thinned your desire. You still work as hard as ever, and your pride is in the product. You are, in short, a real pro. Time after time you have accepted a challenge—in fact, usually you have gone out to seek it—and the results speak for themselves. Everywhere you go—Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland—your team improves its position in the standings.

The public knows you primarily as a wild trader. Maybe you are. Some of your deals—and there have been hundreds of them—are successful, some not. The point today is that you have always made an effort to improve the team.

Your ideas on interleague trading and unrestricted draft may have flaws, but at least they are ideas. You

are not afraid to think for yourself—nor to say what you think.

Maybe you talk too much—although we do not subscribe to this at all. Certainly there is room in baseball for a general manager who is also a good promotion man. When you talk about your team, other people talk about it, too, and once started talking, it follows that they will come to the park to see. The old carnivals did all right with their barkers, didn't they, and what is major league baseball but a great big show?

GEORGE SHUDDERS

We admire the way you have battled the Yankees, and although you have not caught them, it is not for lack of trying. George Weiss shudders when he hears you coming, and you are the only man in history to send the talkative Casey Stengel scurrying from his own practice diamond to the security of the clubhouse, leaving you alone and unchallenged to cast your spell over the field.

We like Joe Cronin all right, but we would have been happy, when Will Harridge retired, if you had become the league president instead. You see, we feel that you would have injected some life and excitement into the old bones—and we seriously doubt that you would have made a travesty of the game. You would just have made it seem more like a game.

In short, without you, the American League would be a dull place in which to work and in which to play.

However, Frank...

You have been pulling the wool

over someone's eyes, certainly the public's and maybe your own. Perhaps it is your enthusiasm and your optimism and your showmanship which are to blame, but everywhere we look we see where the experts, whatever that means, are picking the Indians to give the Yankees a real battle this year. The most improved team in the league, the stories say. A sure thing to finish second, according to the polls. Lane's trades patch up Tribe problems, the headlines blare. Well, we have seen your ball club this spring and we are not impressed. In fact, we think you are deluding the public and we consider it our duty to set the record straight. The Indians are not going to bother the Yankees one bit; they are not going to finish second and probably not even third; they are, in fact, going to have to hump to finish in the first division.

While extolling the virtues of your great outfield and glorying in the acquisition of Billy Martin at second base and praising the development of that fine young catching corps, you have mesmerized the audience into overlooking the entire team. When we finally manage to plug up our ears and open our eyes, the plain truth of the matter is that it doesn't look so hot, Frank.

They say, in baseball, that anyone can play first base—but you discovered that Larry Doby couldn't. So now it looks like you'll have to move Vic Power, a very good first baseman, over from third. Otherwise there is

continued

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only Mickey Vernon, and he will be 41 in three weeks. He can still hit, but not often.

Martin is an overrated ballplayer. Even his friends have been saying this for years, and in the past few seasons Billy seems to have proved it all by himself. His spirit and hustle could help a team like the Yankees, who could afford him. But what Kansas City and Detroit needed—and what Cleveland needs now—is hitting and fielding, not fire. Certainly he is better than you had, but Martin was not worth two pitchers like Narleski and Moss. You don't look too good at second base, either.

Your shortstop situation is hopeless. Woodie Held can't do the job in the field and Billy Moran, who can, can't do it with a bat. Held is no ball of fire at the plate, either. You may have to play George Strickland at shortstop, and please, Frank, don't give us any soft soap about that.

With Vic Power no longer at third, which is a good thing since he couldn't do the job there anyway, you'll have to make do with Randy Jackson or Held, assuming Held isn't at short. In either case, it's just a fill-in. In fact, this is just a filled-in infield.

O.K., we like your outfield, too—with reservations. Minnie Minoos is a wonderful ballplayer—he can hit like the dickens and run and is always out there to beat you—but there are better defensive fielders around.

Piersall, on the other hand, can probably still outfield anyone in either league and this could be a very good trade—if Piersall hits. But last year he was .237 and the year before .261. Can you really afford a weak stick like that?

Colavito runs like a truck sometimes and he has been known to drop fly balls, but he is not going to say anything unkind about this young man. Right now he looks as if he is going to be one of the finest hitters in all baseball, with great power and fierce determination, and a wonderful, youthful exuberance that makes you smile just to see him walk by. Baseball could use more Rocky Colavitos, just like it could use more Frank Lanes. And, boy, what an arm.

Russ Nixon may never hit under .300 again—he has us convinced—but he hasn't knocked down many fences, and when is he going to learn to catch? You know that isn't Feller and Lemon and Wynn out there

throwing the ball any more; someone has to tell those kids what to pitch and, so far, Nixon hasn't shown that he's any Jim Hegan behind the bat. Dick Brown has more power but his average is way down and he's pretty young himself.

When you traded off Narleski and Moss, you said pitching was the least of your worries and all winter you stoutly defended the deal. Yet now perhaps you are beginning to worry, too.

We hear that you have been talking to the Senators about Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual and Dick Hyde. We don't blame you a bit.

Cal McLish, your big winner last year (16 and 8) is 33 years old and who is to say that he can repeat? Never did he win that many games before. Gary Bell is a precocious youngster and some day you may have to pay him \$40,000 a year,



ROCKY COLAVITO looks like he will be one of the finest hitters in all baseball.

Frank, which will make you very happy. But is he that good yet? Mudcat Grant seems to be a steady pitcher but it is not steady 10-game winners you need; you want a couple of guys who can win 15 to 20 games. Mike Garcia? Well, it's true that he won 20 games several times. He also won one last year and now has a long way to come back. Al Cicotte? Don Ferrarese? Hal Woodeschick? Dick Brodowski? We are not impressed.

Herb Score? Like you, Frank, we'll just have to wait and see. It is much easier to do this from where we sit

although we're certainly pulling hard for Herbie, too.

We have been talking about Cleveland but perhaps we should also mention some other teams, for the success or failure of a season depends upon the strength and weakness of one's opposition, too. There are the Yankees, for example, and the very mention should be enough. And the White Sox, they still have Al Lopez, and you have always been a Lopez man, Frank, and they have those pitchers—Pierce and Donovan and Wynn—and that wonderful, tight defense and that great speed. Maybe they won't scare you with their power, but you have to beat them—they don't beat themselves—and they have a couple of good-looking rookies. It has become a habit in baseball to say, well, I guess the White Sox are about through, but each year they are as good as the year before and they seem pretty tough to dislodge from second place.

We don't have to tell you about the Red Sox, for you have been seeing a lot of them this spring. Their defense isn't strong, but there are those five big hitters—Williams, Muzzone, Jensen, Runnels and Wertz—and a pitching staff which looks sharper and sharper every day. How would you like to have Delock and Brewer and Sullivan and that good-looking kid Bowsfield and those two good relief pitchers, Kieley and Wall, on your side?

We don't know about the Tigers. Their pitching looks awfully good and the infield somewhat better, but it's hard to figure the Tigers. We do know, though, that the Orioles are a respectable team which loses by only a run or two, and Kansas City seems to be going in the right direction. The Indians may have quite a bit of trouble, Frank.

You may make a trade tomorrow that will straighten out that infield—maybe you had better make two—and perhaps you can pick up another good pitcher as well. We hope you do. Your manager, Joe Gordon, is a nice guy who also works hard and you deserve a pennant. But it's getting late, Frank. Soon the season will start and then people will forget what you have been telling them all winter. Then they can look at the standings and see for themselves.

They may have to look down quite a ways to find the Indians. It's tough, Frank, and we're sorry, but that's the way things are.

END

YOU CAN'T
CALL A
THING
YOUR
OWN
THESE
DAYS.



I LIKED PROGRESSIVE
JAZZ WHEN EVERYBODY
ELSE WAS WILD ABOUT
D'KIELAND.



BUT
THE
WORLD
CAUGHT
UP
WITH
ME.



I LIVED ON THE RIGHT BANK
WHEN EVERYBODY ELSE LIVED
ON THE LEFT BANK. NOW
BOTH SIDES ARE
CROWDED



BUT THERE IS **STILL**
ONE THING I KNOW
THAT NOBODY ELSE
KNOWS.



THE RECIPE FOR THE **GIMLET**
(GIVEN ME BY A PRINCE WHO
WHO HAS SINCE RETIRED) AND
MOVED TO TAHITI. AND NOW
IT'S **MINE!**



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KNOW THE
SECRET
OF THE
GIMLET.



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GAY CROWD OF 14,000 FILLED THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN FILLOHOUSE FOR INTERCOLLEGIATE BOXING TOURNAMENT IN 1956

You could blame it on the moms

There is hope of a revival of college boxing, which has fallen into sad and unjustified disrepute

LESS than a dozen years ago, college boxing, which is a beautiful sport to watch, seemed on its way to becoming one of the most popular of minor intercollegiate sports. The effects of boxing's decline may be witnessed next week (April 2, 3 and 4) at the University of Nevada, where the NCAA championships will be fought. Only 20 teams are entered. Some of this small number are from colleges that no longer field teams in intercollegiate competition. Only one or two of the 20 colleges will present full teams at the championships. Only one intercollegiate team from a college east of the Mississippi will be represented.

Intercollegiate boxing began in 1919, with a match between Penn State and the University of Pennsylvania, then caught on in the East, spread to the South and West and in time became popular enough to warrant national tournaments. By 1938, when the National Intercollegiate Boxing Coaches Association was formed, it was booming. Ten years later there were 55 colleges engaged in intercollegiate competition, with others supporting the sport intramurally.

But by 1952 there were only 29 intercollegiate teams, and the number has been diminishing ever since.

The decline is by no means due to apathy among the students, who support boxing vigorously when they are given the chance. Boxing draws better than basketball at the University of Nevada, where the gymnasium, holding about 4,500, probably will be packed on each of the three nights of the NCAA meet. At San Jose State, with a student body of 10,000, half of them men, as many as 1,300 students have gone out for boxing instruction and in an average year 500 to 600 will take it up. Boxing at Washington State is part of a physical education requirement that a student be able to swim 50 yards and take part in a "recreational" sport, a team sport and a "combative" sport before he is graduated. Boxing, wrestling and fencing are the "combative" sports, and most Washington students pick boxing or wrestling in about equal numbers.

In its heyday, college boxing drew extraordinary crowds. On the night in 1940 that Joe Louis attracted 11,000 spectators to see him knock out

Johnny Paycheck in Chicago, there were 15,000 to watch the University of Wisconsin oppose Washington State at Madison.

The college coaches, now a rather dispirited group, hold that an ill-supported attack based on mistaken ethical and physiological grounds is responsible for the decline.

"You could blame the moms," one coach says. "They've seen boxing on TV, and nothing can persuade them that the college sport is different, that their boy stands little risk of being hurt." What the moms feel, college administrators have acted on.

UNFOUNDED CRITICISM

Ray Chisholm, secretary-treasurer of the coaches' association, has been boxing since he was 4 years old. He boxed for the University of Wisconsin in 1938, transferred to the University of Minnesota in 1939 and coached Minnesota's intramural program for a few years. "The underlying reason for the decline of intercollegiate and intercollegiate boxing," Chisholm says, "is the unfounded and unsubstantiated criticisms of boxing in education by the physical educators who mistakenly identify college boxing with the most sordid aspects of professional boxing."

Most college coaches trace the troubles of the sport to a paper, *The Eval-*

ation of Boxing as a College Artistic, published in 1940 in the *Research Quarterly* by three members of the University of Illinois physical education department. Widely distributed, it raised doubts in the minds of many educators as to the value of boxing in a college athletic program.

The report (by H. E. Kenney, E. A. Thacker, M.D., and H. C. Gehhart) was based on a questionnaire sent to pathologists, coroners, neurologists, psychiatrists, athletic directors and directors of health services, many of whom knew nothing about boxing. It concluded that "boxing should not be included in the sports program of an educational institution," though its data had far more to do with prizefighting than with college boxing. It implied dire things about punch-drunkness among college boxers, without ever establishing that there was any. It asserted that boxing's most common injuries are "insidious," hinting that hidden brain injury is a usual effect of boxing. It held that college boxing bouts are "impossible to control," though they are in fact remarkably well controlled.

A month after this report appeared the legislative council of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation adopted a resolution against boxing in high schools. In time college boxing came to be affected.

The Illinois report implied that 12 universities discovered instances of punch-drunkness among college boxers. If this were true it might be considered reason enough for a college to abandon boxing, but the report was, to say the least, unfair in this regard. Under the heading "Boxing Casualties," it said:

"1. Number of universities reporting cases of 'punch-drunkness' resulting from boxing program—12.

"Types of disorders included—disturbances of equilibrium, vacant look in eyes, headache, dizziness, personality changes, deterioration of concentration and attention, impediment of speech, vomiting, unsteady gait."

Individuals at some universities reported instances of single symptoms, as cited, and some of these symptoms are part of the very subtle and complicated "punch drunkness syndrome." These single symptoms were attributed, without proof, to boxing and then were lumped together in the report in a way that made it appear that actual cases of

punch-drunkness had been discovered among college boxers.

Doctors familiar with boxing will tell you that the punch-drunkness diagnosis is very difficult to make. There is good reason to believe that the condition is much rarer among professional fighters than is popularly assumed, and that it never has occurred as a result of college boxing. A layman cannot hope to tell whether a given ex-fighter—thick of speech, with shuffling gait—is suffering from punch-drunkness or tertiary syphilis. It must be noted that, before penicillin, syphilis was not too uncommon among prizefighters. Other ailments, like brain tumors, can cause the symptoms, too.

Gordon Cobblestick, veteran sports editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, reported a couple of years ago that he had "never seen an authenticated case of what is popularly known as punch drunkness."

"I have known some depressing weeks of former fighters," he wrote, "stumbling, shuffling, mumbling, dull-eyed and duller-witted hulks who once were men, but I have never known one of whom it could be said with certainty that his condition resulted from blows to the head."

"Many of them had little brain to begin with. They were the get of morose parents. Their formative years were spent in degrading slums. They were incapable of assimilating education. The ring offered them a livelihood, but when their fighting days were over they hit the skids."

One of the more ardent opponents of boxing, and especially of college boxing, is Arthur H. Steinhaus, Ph.D., dean of George Williams College, Chicago, where he is also professor of physiology. He has small patience with statistics that put boxing low on the list of hazardous sports, though the statistics are good enough to satisfy insurance underwriters, who rank boxing seventh in this category—below football, wrestling and crew.

"In boxing," Dean Steinhaus says, "you can be unconscious for 10 seconds and it will not be listed as an injury. In football it would be listed."

His opposition to boxing, the dean said, is "entirely concerned with brain injury." He believes, in fact, that boxing would be all right if the foul line was above the collar, eliminating head blows, instead of below the belt.

"I don't mind a broken nose," he explained, "because it heals. I am for

continued

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football. My feeling of football is that there are dangers in it, but in football if someone gets hurt both sides are sorry. In boxing it's a straight accident. In boxing it is part of the sport to injure the opponent. Boxing stands alone in that regard."

Steinhaus looks on the "self-defense" argument for boxing as spurious, since footpads and barroom brawlers don't observe the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and wrestling and judo are actually much more efficient against attackers.

"If boxing is bad," Dean Steinhaus went on, "it is worst for the men in our universities. Their brains must be good, and injury to such brains is a very serious matter. Let's say college boxing is only one-tenth as dangerous as professional boxing. It's still too much of a risk on the top brains of our country. And I don't think I would agree that it is only one-tenth as dangerous."

On the other hand, the University of Wisconsin Medical School, after a four-year study of college boxing, reported that "injuries of immediate serious nature do not occur frequently in this sport," nor was evidence obtained to suggest that any contestants suffered "an injury which will result in residual disability."

With respect to the knockout, far more common in prizefighting than in today's college boxing, opponents of the college sport often quote Edward

J. Carroll Jr., M.D., who once speculated: "It is probable that no head blow is taken with impunity and that each knockout causes definite and irreparable damage."

There seems to be little or no evidence to support this view. Franz Schuck, M.D., medical adviser to the Federal Security Agency's Committee on Physical Fitness, pointed out in a study of *Brain Injuries in Boxing* that "a healthy person who is knocked out in boxing is usually felled by an injury of the 'concussion' type, i.e., without traceable anatomical harm to the brain."

The more serious injuries of prizefighting, many of them attributable to banging of the head against inadequately padded canvas, rather than blows, are "very rare in boxing," Schuck held, and "no more frequent than are grave accidents in, for instance, horseback riding."

"Of course such accidents do happen," he added. "But to say the least, they are exceedingly rare in boxing in schools and colleges."

Dr. Anthony R. Curreri, professor of surgery at Wisconsin, has been close to boxing, amateur and professional, for many years. Lost his love of the sport he construed as prejudicial, he held himself aloof from the university's boxing study, but he could have foreseen the results.

The electroencephalogram, though not a perfect test for brain damage, was used in brain-wave studies of the Wisconsin boxers, just as it has been

used elsewhere to study the effects of blows on prizefighters.

"There would be more risk of finding an abnormal electroencephalogram among the general run of students than among the student boxers," Dr. Curreri said. "The boxers have better coordination than the average student. I am firmly convinced that you will find no college boxer with impairment of brain function. There is little chance for a boy to be hurt. It is a calculated risk and the values of the sport are worth it."

Even professional boxing is not as bad as it has been painted medically, according to two doctors, Harry A. Kaplan and Jefferson Browder, who were retained by the New York State boxing commission to study the effects of head blows in professional fighting. They studied 1,043 professionals, using electroencephalograms, regular and slow-motion movies, and "thorough observations at ringside."

NOT DANGEROUS

Their conclusions, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, included a statement that "the amount of damage that may be inflicted to the brain by a blow to the head with a gloved fist, during a properly conducted professional boxing contest, rarely produces cerebral changes demonstrable by any test that we have at the present time." There is no evidence, either, they declared, to support the common medical opinion that a knockout is caused by numerous pinpoint hemorrhages in the brain.

The problems certain to arise from college boxing's false identification with prizefighting were recognized by the coaches in the very beginning. Until 1947 the college sport was presented under rules quite similar to the professional game, with eight-ounce gloves a standard, but the etiquette was deliberately different. As in tennis, the roar of the crowd was discouraged. Bouts were stopped if the audience got too noisy. Referees and judges wore dinner jackets. So did most of the men students, for the bouts often preceded dances and the girls wore evening dress.

Even so, there was plenty of blood, and in 1948 the rules began to be modified to get rid of some of it. At present the 12-ounce glove is used and it is filled with foam rubber instead of the hair and felt padding used in professional gloves. The padding is, furthermore, almost entirely



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on the striking surface, and impact is thereby greatly reduced. The college boxer wears a protective headguard which not only helps prevent cuts about the eyes (Idaho State has not had a single cut since adoption of the headguard) but also reduces the shock of the back of the head banging against the canvas. At some colleges a new ring padding, extremely resilient, is used. You can drop eggs on the stuff without breaking them. It does not impede good footwork and is another safeguard for the head.

But perhaps even more important than these devices is the fact that the rules lay great stress on credit for good defensive work and great responsibility on the referee to stop a bout the instant it appears that a boxer is clearly outclassed.

BOXING WITH CONFIDENCE

Despite these protective differences, and to an extent even because of them, college boxing is a wonderful sport to watch. There will be more excitement at next week's NCAA championships at Nevada than you will ordinarily see on television in six weeks of prizefighting. Boxing only three two-minute rounds, college men are not given to pacing themselves to last a distance. They do not stall or clinch. They go into action immediately. On the other hand, aware that points are given generously for good defense, they do not feel committed to a policy of heedless slugging. Aware, too, that the referee will protect them against needless beatings, they box with confidence.

The outlook for college boxing is not altogether black. It is flourishing in the West and seems to be on the upswing there. This year's participation in the championships is, in fact, a little higher than it has been.

The more optimistic coaches still think that college boxing can be saved from annihilation. They believe it has values to make it worthwhile. It is, for instance, one of the few sports that do not reject an athlete for lack of height or weight. Dr. Currier says the goal of college boxing "is to give these boys some of the confidence they will need in life."

But Eddie LaFond, rules committee chairman of the coaches' association and a professional referee associated with the sport since 1924, probably has expressed it best. "College boxing," he said, "keeps alive an ideal of rugged fitness on which our country was founded."

END

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AN A FOR DARRALL

continued from page 17

slow stuff and never a fast ball. And I give them the same answer he did. It's because that's what I do best and what our boys play best. Good defense doesn't take genius, it just takes hard work, and we work hard on it. I try to teach my boys to be aggressive, especially when they don't have the ball. When a player guards the man with the ball, the tendency is just to respond to his fakes and feints and try to stay with him. I try to teach my boys to take the initiative, to fake the man with the ball, to move him around instead of letting him move them around."

DO IT YOUR WAY

Based on this man-to-man principle, Pete's total team defense—and his offense, too—has the same purpose: to get the other fellow to play the way you want to play; the way you play best, not the way he plays best. It is a principle that applies to most two-man and team sports, from boxing to basketball. It sounds easy but it isn't easy to do, and it certainly wasn't easy to do against Cincinnati and West Virginia.

Cincinnati is a quick-breaking, rapid-fire shooting team with the third highest per game scoring average in the nation (84.0 points). And Oscar Robertson is tops, with 32.6 per game. The fact that California's defense held Cincinnati to 58 points and Robertson to 19 does not, actually, tell the real story. What is significant is that the defense allowed Cincinnati to get off only 56 shots, far below its normal average—not at all the kind of game it likes to play. For their part, the Californians, despite their deliberate offense, took 73 shots in the face of Cincinnati's less-efficient defense. That was the difference in the semifinal.

Robertson, it must be said, was not contained, and neither was his fine teammate Ralph Davis. Robertson repeatedly set up other Cincinnati players for easy shots, but as a team Cincinnati did not perform up to potential because California forced it to play ball the way California wanted to play.

The game with West Virginia was different in one important respect. The Mountaineers nearly matched the Bears with a superlative defensive exhibition of their own, especially a zone press that actually threw the

Californians off stride for long periods. This press threw two men at the Californian who had the ball, naturally requiring a great deal of running around by the West Virginians as the ball was passed from player to player. It is a defensive tactic that involves great risk, because somewhere on the court there must be a free opposing player. The trick, for California, was to find him; for West Virginia, to get to him before he could shoot.

As this final game assumed shape, West Virginia, led by Jerry West's skillful feeding and accurate shooting, took a 10-point lead midway in the first half. True, the Bear's defense had slowed the Virginians' famed fast break to a walk, but it appeared that they could play California's slow game as well as their own fast one, and win at that, too. It is to the credit of Pete Newell's ability to instill discipline in his players that they did not panic at this extraordinary prospect. They stuck to their deliberate offense patterns, moving to options when the set plays were thwarted by West Virginia, and this tenacity first brought them even and, finally at halftime, to the lead, 39-33.

When play resumed the first break occurred. West Virginia came out obviously all fired up but, unfortunately, too much so. The Mountaineers were simply overzealous, made a number of foolish errors, and California took advantage of every one of them to go ahead by as much as 13 points. West Virginia put on that zone press, steadied, and came back to within four points several times, but California simply refused to turn over the lead. It was 69-64 with two minutes left when Darrell Imhoff began his run to the occasion. He blocked shots, deflected passes, got himself clear for passes when a teammate with the ball was in danger of being tied up by West Virginia's press. He was one important cog in a cohesive, disciplined unit.

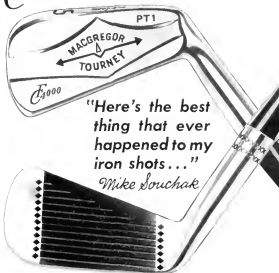
And then, with seconds to go, Imhoff took his had shot that turned out so well for him, for his team, for Pete Newell and for the principle of defensive basketball.

You might like to know that Darrell has grown to a well-muscled 6 feet 10 inches, and that he no longer has to pillow his head on an orange crate. He sleeps in a fraternity house now, in a bed that is 6 feet 6 inches long. He has to curl up a bit, but he likes it fine. And don't forget, it's Darrell with an A.

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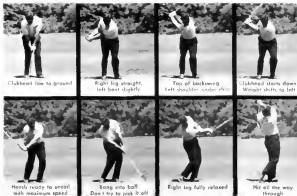
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Part II: ALY KHAN
SPORTING PRINCE

EDUCATION OF A HORSE TRADER

Aly Khan developed a taste for speed and an eye for conformation around his father's stables. These qualities have proved useful to him—first as playboy-sportsman and now as diplomat

by JOE DAVID BROWN

ONE balmy evening during their late and much-chronicled marriage, His Highness, The Prince Aly Khan and Actress Rita Hayworth accompanied a party of friends to a Cairo nightclub. The feature attraction was a renowned belly dancer. When she wove into the spotlight, clothed only in a few yards of gold fringe and heavy, half-lowered eyelids, Aly stared so fixedly at her gyrating half-naked torso that one of the women guests, with a sidelong glance at Rita, cattily commented on it. Rita smiled sweetly. "You don't understand. What interests Aly is the revolutions per minute. It's all the same to him whether it's the RPM of an engine, a race horse—or a woman's stomach."

Although this witty observation sounds remarkably improbable, friends who know Aly best claim it was remarkably sagacious. "Speed is a drug to Aly," said a woman friend. "I think he needs it to keep up his confidence." "He's always either restless or reckless," said an aide.

THIS ENGAGING PORTRAIT of Aly Khan was made at Antibes by LIFE's John Swasey. Aly has long been an ornament of the Riviera social scene.

Forty-seven years, a thickening waistline and a bothersome leg injury have almost halted Aly's participation in sports, but otherwise there is no evidence that his pace is slowing. At the United Nations, where he holds forth as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Permanent Representative from Pakistan, he maintains an overcrowded schedule which leaves his secretaries exhausted, his aides nettled and on-lookers astounded. "The poor guy's throttle must be stuck," commented a newsman.

There is no sign, either, that Aly has lost his appreciative eye for women, a characteristic which has made his name a familiar word from Bangkok to Broken Bow. Although many people find it both tiresome and distasteful, it is almost impossible to discuss Aly without mentioning his love life. Just recently a distinguished and highly placed gentleman whose pronouncements usually concern world affairs was asked what he thought of Aly's work at the U.N. "The trouble with Aly," he said bluntly, "is that he is grossly oversexed. If he would stop chasing women he would probably be all right. But the man must have three or four

of them at a time. He doesn't chase tarts. He runs after lots of decent, respectable women. And he has made many enemies doing it."

When he finally got down to Aly's U.N. work the gentleman's tone changed. "He has won respect as a sincere fellow," he said. "He has lots of money and entertains lavishly. This is important because it gives him a chance to meet many people. I give him a good mark. He has efficient help and they keep him on the ball. He is no exhibitionist. His standing with nine or 10 Moslem countries is excellent. They think a great deal of him."

Most people at the U.N. feel Aly is doing a good job, though he has not yet faced the test of a give-and-take debate on the floor or weathered an ordeal inevitably awaiting every Pakistani Ambassador, a verbal brawl with his country's implacable, long-winded and unpredictable enemy, India's Krishna Menon. It is to Aly's credit that he has gained as much acceptance at the U.N. as he has. There was a notable lack of enthusiasm among delegates when he was appointed, and in Pakistan there were some outraged cries that he was not even a Pakistani. This objection was highly technical, to say the least, since nobody has been a Pakistani for more than 11 years.

Aly's ties with Pakistan have been closer than most people realize. The late Aga was born in Karachi and was a friend and adviser of the founders

continued

of the new country and reputedly once declined the post of governor-general. Aly has been in and out of the country constantly, deputizing for his father on business with the rich and influential Ismaili community there. He is a close personal friend of most of the officers in the military junta ruling Pakistan and was, in fact, made a full colonel in the Pakistani army before his appointment to the U.N. His father's esteemed reputation in Pakistan certainly was an advantage, but Aly got his U.N. job on his own through his military and Ismaili connections.

Aly's U.N. career did not get off to a rousing start, largely because his first big party at Pakistan House was zealously promoted by his old and stubbornly gregarious friend Elsa Maxwell, and liberally sprinkled with a café society crowd. This caused some delegates to wonder if he intended using his U.N. post as an excuse for more playboy. It was only after they saw how seriously he was taking his U.N. duties that they accepted him, and his splendiferous parties have now become the rage of the U.N.

Although he probably has only himself to blame, it is a lamentable fact that Aly's playing and romancing almost invariably overshadow or obscure some of his soldierly accomplishments and many good qualities. People who know him only by reputation are generally surprised to find he has considerable charm and an impressive knowledge of world affairs. A well-known diplomat voiced a familiar complaint: "Most of my friends don't understand why I like Aly until I introduce them to him. The truth is, he's a highly likable fellow." Not boastfully, but almost sorrowfully, the old Aga commented, "My son Aly is an extremely warm-hearted person who loves entertaining, who loves to be surrounded by friends to whom he gives hospitality with both hands."

BUT Aly's lavish hospitality also has brought him considerable reumore. One critic trenchantly remarked that the underlying theme of all his costly parties seems to be, "I want to be happy, but I can't be happy until you are happy, too." Even Aly's admirers usually concede he was guilty of exquisite bad taste when he paid for and carefully stage-

managed his eye-popping extravaganza of a wedding to Rita Hayworth in the summer of 1949.

Many people know about Aly's flamboyant record as a lady-killer, but few are aware of his distinguished war record. Even his closest friends were surprised in 1939 when he spurned higher commissions he was offered because of his Moslem connections and joined the French Foreign Legion as a second lieutenant. He took basic training and served for a year at the legion's desert headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbes before French authorities decided a direct descendant of Mohammed was more valuable in dealing with Arabs than totting a gun. To Aly's chagrin he was posted to General Weygand's headquarters in Syria. He had not been there long when France fell and the Petain government sent a German army commission to take charge of French forces in Syria. Aly promptly deserted, made his way across the frontier and signed up with the British forces in Jerusalem. He was given the rank of subaltern and put to work by British intelligence. For a while he made propaganda broadcasts to Moslems over Radio Jerusalem and then was assigned to undercover missions. The exact nature of this cloak-and-dagger work still remains a secret, but at least one of Aly's accomplishments, it seems, was to establish a network of Ismaili informants throughout the Middle East, particularly in German-controlled Syria. Aly's spies filed information on the activities of both Arabs and Germans. Later Aly was assigned to Cairo, where he did more intelligence work and acted as a liaison officer to Free French forces. He advanced steadily to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and was British liaison officer to the U.S. Sixth Army Group in the invasion of southern France.

Aly was the first Allied officer to step ashore on the Riviera. Nine days later, accompanied by one American G.I., he jumped into Cannes—his old playboy stomping grounds—almost on the heels of the departing Germans and settled down in the royal suite at the Carlton Hotel. Aly emerged from the army after six years with the French Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with palms, and an American Bronze Star. He also was given a French citation, issued at army order level, which described his service with the French Legion as brilliant and praised his bravery under fire.

An integral part of the Aly Khan legend is that he has always left his many women smiling; smiling through tears, perhaps, but smiling nevertheless. It certainly is true that his former wives seem to bear him no grudge. He and Rita Hayworth have had legal wrangles over a trust fund and allowance for their daughter, Yaemin, but they have remained friends. Rita's statement when she left Aly not only upheld the finest traditions of café society, it was a



ALY AND MOTHER, former Theresa Maffiano, were very close. She died at 37 in 1926.

solid 24-karat nugget of understatement: "Aly is very nice, but he really doesn't understand family life."

Aly is on excellent terms with his first wife, the former Joan Yarde-Bailler Guianese, who is the mother of his two sons, Karim—the new Aga Khan—and Amyn, 19. Both boys are students at Harvard, and nowadays they frequently pop into New York to spend the weekend with Aly. In explaining to Elsa Maxwell what went wrong with his first marriage, Aly also gave a revealing glimpse of his own personality. "Joan always knew more than I did," he said. "She came to speak to me about some things and I grew an inferiority complex. So of course I was miserable."

If Aly lays claim to an inferiority complex, few people would care to

argue with him. Some of his friends have said the same thing for years by way of explaining his daredevilry; his pursuit of women, particularly those in the limelight; and his extravagant entertaining. In fact, if analyzing Aly were a game which could be patented the histro rights alone would be worth millions. But it is a matter of record that Aly was careening alone at a headlong and tempestuous pace long before his first marriage. It began in his middle teens, a few years after he had arrived in England as a shy, diffident and overprotected little boy who had been considered too delicate even to be sent to school. There is little doubt that his parents were over solicitous of him, but they had some reason to be. Aly's birth, on June 13, 1911, at Turin, Italy, came in the same year as the death of his 2-year-old brother, a tragedy that crushed his young Italian mother. The Aga Khan wrote: "His birth was a profound solace and joy to my wife and myself. But for her the happiness of his babyhood was tinged with a solemn sense of responsibility. Long years had passed since there had been a son in our family. The grief we felt at the loss of our first-born gave an especial sharpness and watchfulness to the care which we exercised over his brother's upbringing."



AS A SOLDIER Aly Khan served with distinction during World War II. Here he is decorated with the French Legion of Honor by General Georges Catroux.

UNFORTUNATELY, Aly was a tiny baby and apparently as delicate as his brother had been. This made his parents even more determined to protect him from the rigors of the world. A leading children's specialist was a great believer in the health-giving properties of the Normandy coast, so the Aga bought a villa at Denuville and installed the begum and Aly there every summer. In the winter-time they shifted to the warmer climate of the French Riviera. The begum found an outlet for her artistic talents by taking up first painting and later sculpture. Under the name Yla she eventually had mild success as a sculptor. But her first concern was Aly and he was seldom out of her sight. She almost never accompanied her husband on his travels. She was not always his hostess at lavish parties he gave in London and Paris. She became even more protective after Aly almost died of Spanish influenza during World War I. Largely because of his parent's alarm Aly himself apparently believes that he had a "narrow escape" during the first World

continued



AS A MOERER Aly attends a Moslem prayer service for his dead father. With him are son Asghar, half-brother Saïdraddin and son Karim, the new Aga Khan.

War. This occurred when a shell from a Big Bertha plowed into the garden of the Ritz Hotel in Paris. Aly and his mother were staying at the Bristol Hotel, quite a distance away on the Place Vendôme.

Aly had few playmates as a child. He can recall only one who rated as a chum, the son of his mother's Italian gardener. He had a succession of starched English nannies, but only one is memorable. She was a devout Roman Catholic. She was sent packing one night when the equally devout Moslem Aga came into the nursery and found her teaching little Aly the Catholic catechism. Later, since no school was considered quite suitable for him, the nannies gave way to a succession of Swiss tutors. Such coddling did not make Aly a spoiled and headstrong little boy. His mother saw to that. "Aly's mother was very severe with him, much more so than I would have cared to be with my own boy," an acquaintance once recalled. "If he gave her the slightest bit of trouble she would give him a quick slap across the face to keep him quiet. But of course she was full of talent and temperament and was very high-strung."

ALY adored his mother and was extremely dependent on her. Charles Topper, an English barber who attained a degree of fame by cutting the hair of British royalty, was once called to the Ritz Hotel in London to attend little Aly. "He was a very timid little chap," reported Topper, "who never let go his mother's hand all the time I was cutting his hair." Said a Deauville neighbor: "Aly was a real picture of a child, much better-looking even than he is today. But I never thought him a particularly sporting type. I never saw him go swimming. In fact, I don't remember ever having seen either him or his mother even go into the sea for a bathe."

All the evidence indicates that Aly as a boy was nothing like the reckless, assertive, headstrong man. Instead he was timid, quiet, painstaking, well-mannered, and just perhaps something of a sissy. Aly himself laughingly recalls that when he was 5 or 6 and on his first visit to London, his mother and father took him to the zoo. "We went into the lion house after a while," said Aly, "and I remember it was very crowded. Sud-

denly one of the lions gave a great roar and I was so alarmed that I let go my mother's hand and ran away." It was a couple of hours before his frantic parents found him.

Aly had been put down for both Eton and Winchester, two of England's leading public schools, but when he reached the entrance age his mother could not bring herself to send him to either. It was only reluctantly, when he was 14, that she agreed to the Aga's proposal to send him to live with and be tutored by C. W. Waddington, an old friend of the Aga's who was a former principal of Mayo College for the sons of maharajas near Ajmer, India. At the same time, Aly was to receive religious instruction from mullahs at the Moslem Mosque at Woking, Surrey.

Perhaps the begum, who was ailing with an undiagnosed illness, had a presentiment. Aly had scarcely settled into the routine of his studies at his tutor's home outside Cambridge when his mother's health declined rapidly. Doctors were mystified at the cause of her illness, but it was thought a diseased appendix might be responsible. She was admitted to the American Hospital in Paris and an operation was performed, but her appendix proved to be healthy. She was apparently making a good recovery when, suddenly, she died at the age of 37.

It was a terrible blow for young Aly. "I have never seen a lad suffer so," said a servant. A hall porter at the Ritz Hotel in London also recalls Aly's unconcealed fury two years later when he was told the Aga had remarried.

It may have been a coincidence, but it is about this time that the hitherto diffident, well-mannered and handsome little prince began to attract attention with the way he burned up the downs as a rider with the South-down Hunt in Sussex.

Once when discussing his early years Aly remarked with a smile, "I guess you could say I was educated in the stables." It was more than a wisecrack. For it was in his teens that Aly discovered the magical world of horses and racing. And it was an exciting time to make the discovery, because his father, who had started in 1921 with an initial outlay of \$110,000, was just beginning to emerge as



GREATEST TRIUMPH for Khan star—his came in 1952 when Aly led Tullyar



AN OWNER. Aga Khan personally briefed his jockey, Polvelet, for race at Chantilly.

EARLY TRIUMPH for Khan silks was Mahmoud's victory in 1936 Derby at





into the royal enclosure after horse became family's fifth Derby winner.



AN A RIDER. Aly—his tack in hand—waits in for race at Le Touquet in July of 1955.

odds of 100 to 8. Here Aga and Aly accompany winner to the enclosure.



one of the leading race horse owners in England and France. Aly made his first real friends among his father's stable employees and racing associates. It was the first time he had met people who were not paid to instruct him or wait on him. It gave him his first taste of give-and-take comradeship, which he had missed by not going to school. Better still, he found he had a way with horses. He had his ballerina mother's trim, well-knit and well-coordinated body and he rode beautifully from the time he first climbed aboard a horse.

He acquired a hunter and started riding regularly with the Southdown Hunt in Sussex. He had discovered something at which he excelled and, from all accounts, he made the most of it. The quiet and shy little boy became—in the words of someone who knew him then—"absolutely fearless, bright and gay and filled with energy."

After making a reputation with the Southdown Hunt, Aly switched to the Warwickshire Hunt, which was one of the best in England, on the invitation of Michael Beary, one of his father's jockeys, who always hunted in the winter. Beary bought Aly a horse called Clansman, and Aly not only always rode at the top of the hunt, but he is remembered as giving some of the best parties Warwickshire ever had.

Aly took his entrance examination for Cambridge and was preparing to go there when his father changed his mind and decided that Aly should study law instead. At the time the Aga was busy at the disarmament conference in Geneva and his excuse was that he needed Aly to deputize for him on trips to his Ismaili followers in India and Africa. The excuse may have been valid, because Aly did make several trips to the East for his father, but it is also a fact that the Aga always showed a peculiar reluctance to allow Aly to attend school. He also took a dim view of Aly's hunting and steeplechasing and ordered Aly to give it up, though he finally agreed Aly could ride in flat races if he wished.

Aly was set to studying law in Lincoln's Inn under Charles Romer, a famous chancery lawyer, and given an allowance of \$3,000 a year. His father also paid for a house Aly took and furnished in the West End of

London. Aly was never called to the bar. He explains that the many trips he made for his father interfered with his legal studies. There seem to have been other distractions as well. One was an extremely busy and lively social life. "Aly was an ardent theatergoer," said a friend. "He went often, both to the plays—and the stage doors." There was nothing frivolous about the interest he took in his father's stables. He loved horses and he loved racing and he seldom missed a meeting.

Meanwhile his father's jockey and old hunt companion, Michael Beary, was schooling him in race riding. Years later Beary told one of Aly's biographers: "When Prince Aly started to ride he adopted the right style and balance and rode gallops from the start. Not only did he have great courage and confidence, he was a good race-reader and could pick out jockeys who rode well. He watched them riding races and learned what he saw."

Aly rode as a gentleman jockey for the first time in 1930, a memorable year all around because one of the Aga's horses named Blenheim won the English Derby at 18 to 1. Aly was less successful. He rode a horse named Cyclone in the mile-and-a-half Southdown Welter Plate and finished far back in the rear. He rode a whole succession of losers that year and was just about to give up as an amateur jockey when he received encouragement from an unexpected source. Edgar Wallace, who was a noted racing writer long before he became famous as a writer of thrillers, approached Aly one day and said, "If you were not the son of a powerful owner you would be getting all the rides." He gave Aly rides on his own horses, and they became fast friends. Said Aly: "He encouraged me no end. I consider he really gave me my start in race riding. I used to visit him in his big old house in the country—he always had several books going at the same time—and we would sit and talk about horses for hours. I considered him a very good friend."

Aly's first winning race was in September 1931, when he won the Southdown Welter Handicap astride a large dark-brown horse named Light O'London in which he owned a three-quarter share. His first win seemed to break the ice, because from then on he went from success to success. At almost the same time he

continued

began riding Aly began trading in horses. The first horse he owned was named Sledge, and he bought it with money he saved from his allowance. He later sold Sledge for a fat profit, and he remembers the horse fondly because, he recalled, "the money I made from Sledge formed the foundation on which I built my own stables."

In 1931 Aly was able to register his own racing colors in Britain. It was something of a double accomplishment, because he was able to choose green and red, the colors of the Ismaili flag and the traditional racing colors of all the Aga Khans. His father used the colors everywhere except in England, because when he first arrived in England somebody in the Foreign Office had taken the trouble to register racing colors for him but the combination of red and green was not available. Green and chocolate—a combination to become so famous—was chosen instead. Only later did the green and red colors become available in time to pass to Aly.

The old Aga soon learned to respect—and use—his son's uncanny judgment of horses. In a single day, when he still was in his early 20s, Aly spent \$115,000 in buying horses for his father. The old Aga was one of the shrewdest owners of this or any other century. But he was strictly a pedigree-reader. "He knew nothing of conformation," Aly said. "I could have sold him a horse with knock-knees if the bloodlines had been impressive enough." Aly had a nose for a horse. Long before 1946—when his father made him a full partner in his racing interests—Aly had acquired a reputation as one of the canniest horse dealers in Europe. Together he and the Aga were well-nigh unbeatable. "Some people are in this business just for sport," Aly said. "Father and I want a profit as well."


Aly's coups have become famous. When he was only 27 he bought Bois Roussel for Peter Beatty only three months before that horse won the English Derby. In 1948 he persuaded his father to let him make Leon Volterra an offer for My Love. Volterra refused to sell the whole horse, so Aly bought a half share on his father's behalf. My Love won the English Derby at 100 to 9. In 1947 he bought the colt Avenger just a few weeks before the Grand Prix de Paris. It galloped home at 33 to 1. Almost the same thing happened in 1953, when

he acquired Dandy Drake only a few days before France's famed Prix Lupin. Dandy Drake, with Crack Jockey Roger Poincellet up, won at good odds.

It is widely, but quite erroneously, believed that the old Aga financed Aly's horse deals. Not only is this not true, but frequently when Aly was hot for a horse and the Aga was doubtful he would fix Aly with a shrewd eye and inquire, "Will you go halves?" "Asking me if I would go halves was his favorite way of testing my enthusiasm for a horse," Aly said.

NONE of Aly's successes apparently ever impressed the old Aga with Aly's wizardry quite as much as one near miss. It was in 1932, when Windsor Lad was put up for auction as a yearling at Newmarket. Aly had seen the colt and was highly impressed. He was going to the sales to buy some other horses for his father, but before he left he took the catalog up to the Aga's suite at the Ritz in London to try to persuade him to buy Windsor Lad. "Father was being shaved at the time," Aly said, "and he wasn't much interested in hearing about Windsor Lad. He had his hands under the barber's sheet and his chin up in the air, so I opened the catalog and held it in front of him so he could read Windsor Lad's pedigree. He was not a bit impressed. He asked me if I would go halves. I said I didn't have the money to spare. I tried to convince him what a fine colt Windsor Lad was, but he kept saying that his pedigree was no good. Just as I was opening the door to leave he said I could bid £1,200 [about \$6,000 in those days] but not a shilling more."

"Well, when I arrived at the sales and Windsor Lad was brought out I started bidding. Bidding was rather brisk for a while, but soon nobody was bidding except me and Marcus Marsh, a well-known trainer. I would make a bid and Marsh would top me. It wasn't long before I had reached my limit, but I was so sure that this was a great colt that I just couldn't stop. I was scared to death, of course, because I didn't know how father would react, and I was fairly certain that he would make me pay all over £1,200 and I was strapped at the time. Finally I gave up and the horse was knocked down to Marsh at 1,300 guineas. After the sale I went around to congratulate him and tell him what a fine colt he had bought. I found him worried sick. 'I agree with you it's a



AS A HORSE TRADER, Aly pays close attention to auction book during yearling sales at Saratoga in 1932. He brought a large string of Khan horses, got a top price of \$29,000 for one of them. Here he makes some sales notes as Imp. Arizeh peeks curiously over his shoulder.

fine colt," he said, "but I was bidding for the Maharaja of Rajpura and he told me not to go a shilling higher than £1,200 and now I don't know what he's going to say."

Aly laughed. "Well, I guess the maharaja agreed he got a bargain when Windsor Lad won the English Derby, the St. Leger, the Coronation Cup and the Sandown Eclipse Stakes. And you can be sure father never heard the last of Windsor Lad."

How does Aly explain his amazing knack for picking winners? "It's something you have or you haven't," he said. "I've been brought up among horses and I go to every race meeting I can. I watch the losers as closely as I watch the winners and I look particularly for signs that might indicate a horse will show improvement. You've got to think of breeding, of course. Blood isn't everything, but good blood tells. Blood is important. If I were to advise someone with modest capital who wanted to build up a stable and make money, I would tell them to buy only horses that have good pedigrees. Knowing what a horse should be like from his ancestry tells you what faults to look for, what good points to expect. Sometimes a grand horse can come from unlikely stock, though, so you've got to play your hunches."

Patience is not generally regarded as one of Aly's attributes, but when it comes to horses he has a great deal. There was, for instance, a horse named Nahar. Aly bought Nahar as a promising yearling, but from the time he started racing he seldom won. Nahar began to be called an "unlucky" horse. "And for the first four years he was a very unlucky horse indeed," Aly said. "He was an honest, game horse, but he saved himself until the end of a race, when he'd come forth with the most terrific burst of speed. If that put him in front, Nahar would decide that he had done enough. He would stop."

Nahar's exasperating habit might have prompted some owners to give him a one-way ticket to a glue works, but Aly finally decided if trainers couldn't break the habit maybe it could be used to advantage. The big test came in the 1954 Lancashire Handicap. He gave orders that Nahar was to be nursed along carefully in the rear until the last minute and then be given his head. The jockey did just that. Nahar zoomed into passing gear, as usual, but when he decided he had done enough it didn't

matter because he had already crossed the finish line—a good one-and-a-half-length winner. Aly was able to sell him to a Kentucky syndicate for a hefty profit.

Aly is noted for his lightning deals. In 1950, when he decided to buy the Sandwich stud of Wilfred Harvey, owner of the Ascot Gold Cup winner Supertello, the deal was all done and the papers signed at Aly's suite in the London Ritz in 24 hours. It still rates as one of the biggest bloodstock deals in a quarter century, and Aly acquired 30 mares, 24 yearlings and 15 foals. From the deal came the great filly Noory, winner of the Irish Oaks.

Aly's single most lucrative deal on his own was with Tehran, sire of the great Tulyar. In 1944 he leased Tehran to his father in hopes that the colt would give him another Derby victory, but he was beaten by Ocean Swell by a neck. But afterwards Tehran won the St. Leger and Aly sold him to a syndicate for nearly a half million dollars and reinvested the proceeds with a shrewdness which so impressed the old Aga that he practically turned over his stables to Aly and a couple of years later made him a partner and did just that.

ALY and his father had their greatest racing year as partners in 1952 when Tulyar—by Tehran out of Neocracy—raced home a winner in the English Derby against great competition, including eight highly touted French horses. The old Aga was confined to his Riviera villa recovering from a heart attack and Aly, immaculate in morning coat and gray top hat, led Tulyar into the winner's circle. It was the Aga's fifth Derby victory, putting him equal with Lord Egremont, who had five winners between 1782 and 1826, when there was almost no competition from abroad and there were fewer horses in the British Isles.

Soon after his great victory Tulyar was sold to the Irish National Stud for \$700,000, the highest price ever paid for a horse in the British Isles up until that time, and in the following year Aly and his father sold off all their Irish yearling colts and a large number of brood mares. They described the sales as a "streamlining" of their racing interests. The real reason seems to have been that the old Aga knew his time was drawing near and he wanted to reinvest his money

continued



AS A DIPLOMAT. Aly surprised many U.N. officials by his informed interest in world affairs. Here he listens closely as the General Assembly begins a discussion of the situation in Middle East.

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Continued on p. 10

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ALY KHAN continued

in places where it would not be subject to such heavy taxes.

The famous stables and brood farms are now under Aly's control, and there is nothing reckless about the way he runs them. Nearly everyone who has ever had an occasion to talk horses with Aly has been astounded at the magical results. Aly loses his nervous and fidgety manner and relaxes. He talks calmly and with authority. He probably knows as much about horses as any man alive, and he knows it. His chain of stud farms in Ireland—Gilltown, Ongar, Sheshoon, Ballymannny, Eyrenfield and Sallymount—comprises some 3,000 acres, and though the bloodstock is not worth anything like what it was in 1933 Aly has as many yearlings and foals as then and only 154 fewer brood mares. In France, Aly has famed Trainer Alec Head in charge of his stables at Chantilly. He also has four well-stocked stud farms at La Coquerne, St. Crespin, Marly-la-Ville and Lasay.

Intimates say that Aly had no inkling the old Aga did not intend to name him as his successor and was completely crushed when he received the news. "It was the worst blow he had ever received since his mother died," said a friend. "I believe Aly has been taking stock of himself and has made up his mind to settle down and be a person of importance," said his old confidante, Elsa Maxwell.

If Aly's work at the U.N. is any indication, perhaps this is true. So far he has proved a disappointment only on one count. "Sartorially, he is no standout," said an official. "His collar ends stick out. He is considered a poor dresser."

It is not the first time someone has commented on Aly's poor clothes sense. A few years ago, with some chortling and pretended shock, London newspapers made much of a picture which showed Aly at a garden party wearing trousers which obviously were drooping and almost covering his shoes. One newsmagazine called the offices of *Time* and *Carter*, that august journal which is the final arbiter of men's fashions. A very British and very cultured voice delivered an immediate verdict which, every thing considered, disposed of Aly quite nicely: "Oh, that dear man again. He wouldn't be so bad, y'know, if he would just learn to keep his trousers up."

END

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Sailing?



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"AFTER THE WARM UP," groom covers
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Art in Harness

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of country fairs to the status of year-
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Chicago's Maywood Park Trotting
Assn. sponsor an art competition, har-
nessing, so to speak, art to trotting.
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"MERRY GO-ROUND," Walter Parks termed
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ART IN HARNESS continued



WIDE-ANGLED view, intriguing Art: Phoebe Moore in work, sold to sorcerer



"THE BLACKSMITH," a watercolor also by Miss Moore, won the "also ran" award



WIRE SCULPTURE by Nancy Frederick is now owned by Martin King of Chicago

"BULKY," by Charles Wood, 1937 winner, is in the Maywood permanent collection.



19TH HOLE The readers take over

CONSERVATION: RECREATION FOR ALL

Step:

Urbanly and the Wilderness (SI, March 16) sounds a warning. We must preserve a few places that are green and wild in order to find solitude for the multitude. The Midwest is becoming an urban strip from Cleveland to Green Bay.

The glacier mass which covered the Middle West thousands of years ago did us many a good turn. When it receded, it not only gouged out the Great Lakes but also left in Wisconsin, in a great loop spanning the state, the 500 miles of moraines which marked the glacier's farthest advance.

Along this strip today are clustered superlative examples of every glacial feature: little holes, long drumlins, steep kames, serpentine eskers, glacial lakes, marshes and forests. Too thin for farming and too sparse for lumbering, these glacial lands are still law preserved. But in the face of our urban explosion, the moraines are just a few miles from Milwaukee, the twin cities, and other population centers—this will not last for long. This is why many of us are urging Congress to enact H.R. 913, which would create and preserve the Ice Age National Park for all the people. Hopefully, some who read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED can give us a hand.

WESLEY S. RIGGS

U.S. Representative from Wisconsin
Washington, D.C.

First:

It was very refreshing to read *I Urbanly and the Wilderness*. We here on Cape Cod are in a life-and-death struggle over the founding of a new national park.

Unfortunately, as always appears to be the case, the fear of losing a possible income dollar seems to throw the great majority into a panic, and in situations like this, the good of mankind takes its ultimate position on the bottom of the totem pole. Everyone with an acre of land for sale, everyone who thinks that some time in the future he might want to build a best dog stand, all those are against the foundation of the national park, and they appear to be a majority here on the cape.

Those of us who would like our grandchildren and other people's grandchildren to be able to see some of the original beauty of Cape Cod are being ridiculed. The laughable part about this is that the opponents of the national park claim they want to keep Cape Cod unspoiled and one town selectman even holds up the "threat" of Acadia National Park as something for us to avoid.

Many of us are getting a little tired of fighting this cause by ourselves and are asking for your help. After all, it is important to everyone in the country that the cape stay as unspoiled as it still is, and if you get behind the foundation of the national park here, I am sure the

greedy here will dwindle into an insignificant minority.

FREDMAN F. DODGE
Provincetown, Mass.

● Readers are hereby invited to lend a helping hand to Wisconsin and Massachusetts conservationists. A bill to create a national park from Cape Cod's unique Great Beach was introduced in the last session of Congress, but no action was taken. Experience has shown that communities adjacent to well-used national parks profit economically far more than those which have allowed their scenic assets to be ruthlessly exploited.—ED.

TENNIS: FORTH REVERSAL

Step:

In his article on professional tennis players, SI, March 9 James Murray states:

"In former years . . . the tour matched the leading non-amateur against the top pro, who would proceed to chew him up mercilessly."

Now in the good old days Tilden the amateur beat Kosteuh, the pro king. Tilden defeated Nusslein, who had been a pro during many of the years of Tilden's amateur reign. Vines the amateur beat Tilden the pro, of course, he couldn't have done so except that Tilden was then old enough to be his father. Budge the amateur beat Vines the pro. Then the tables turned, Budge the pro beat Riggs the amateur. Though several years later, after Budge's wartime injury, Riggs beat him.

Then it went the other way for the last time. Kramer the amateur beat Riggs the pro. That was 10 years ago, and since that time matters have gone the way Mr. Murray stated: though before 1948 it happened only once that a pro beat an amateur. Kramer the pro beat Gonzales the amateur, then he beat Segura, who was already a pro, then he beat Sedgman the amateur. Later Gonzales also beat Sedgman (though recently, excepting when Sedgman had leg injuries). Gonzales usually loses to Sedgman. Then Gonzalez the pro beat Traubert the amateur, Roosevelt the amateur and Hoad the amateur.

JEROME SCHLEER

Boston

THE LIGHTNING (CONT.)

Step:

I thoroughly enjoyed Bill Cox's series of sailing lessons (SI, Feb. 26 and March 2). Articles of this type will do much to attract people to one of the most rewarding of all amateur sports.

Some of Bill's statements, however, as well as your editorial comments, are

misleading



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Bag Boy

WORLD'S FAVORITE GOLF CART

PLAY GOLF — National Golf Day — June 6th



bound to leave the uninitiated with the impression that the Lightning class is it among the one-design sailboat classes. As you indicate at the end of the article, there are many classes, and at least one of these is considerably larger than the Lightning class.

You state that the Lightning "typifies the many kinds of standard hulls." Actually, it is not at all typical of the more modern designs. The Thistle, for example, the fastest-growing of the new planing-type boats, with its light, molded hull, simplified rig and nimble performance, bears not the slightest resemblance to the Lightning.

The Lightning, Bill says, has a "relatively low price." This is hardly factual. Indeed, I believe investigation will show that it is one of the more expensive classes. A Thistle sells for several hundred dollars less than the \$2,200 Bill quoted as the lowest price of a Lightning.

Bill also says that the Lightning is essentially unchanged since its inception in 1938. If this were the case, any Lightning built in the early days should match well with newer boats. But a check of the summaries of any major Lightning events will reveal that the boats finishing in the top 10 have been predominantly boats built within the last three years. Check Thistle summaries and you will find that in the top 10 have been boats ranging in age all the way back through 1948, the birth year of the Thistle.

Bill makes a point of saying that there is a lively market in second-hand Lightnings. He might have added that the older Lightnings go for a fraction of their original cost. Second-hand Thistles are scarce because their age has no effect on their performance. Their depreciation is slight. When a used Thistle is sold, it usually brings a price close to its original cost.

One more big point. Bill says 7,190 Lightnings have been built. I believe he means that 7,190 plans have been issued, which is quite another thing.

Having unburdened myself, allow me to thank your editorial staff for the splendid coverage you have always given to the wonderful sport of sailing.

DOUGLAS WESTIN

Sayville, N.Y.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED recognized that "modern design has come to sailing" by a substantial article on planing boats such as the Thistle last spring (SI, April 28, 1958). The Lightning is an older design whose evolution has left some Lightnings behind. But of the many types designed only the Snipe has become as popular as the Lightning. And although it was designed in 1938 the Lightning class continues to grow in spite of newer designs. It is low priced relative to other boats that can comfortably carry the same number of people for a day's sailing. And the \$2,200 price we quoted includes sails. The Thistle man with an old boat will indeed win more often than the Lightning man with an old boat because of the advance in Lightning design methods and im-

proved construction between 1938 (the year the Lightning came out) and 1948, the year the Thistle was introduced. Part of the Lightning's popularity is the low price of a second-hand boat. You can start for a fairly low figure and get a "hot" boat later if you like the class. More than 7,100 Lightnings have been built—if a number is not used it is retrieved and given to another boat.—ED.

Sire:

The fine fascination of sailing for me is that there's always off on the horizon a little more to learn, even after 30 off-and-on years.

Good sailors like Cox, Shields, O'Day and others know that by improving their competition they improve themselves and add to the fun and interest of sailboat racing. Bill Cox's and Mort Lund's articles will do this, not to mention the wonderful Ravielli illustrations. I take greatest exception, however, to the following:

A page devoted to the "blat effort" (the funneling of job wind over the mainsail which is supposed to be the main driving force of a ship). As a proud Penguin skipper, I doubt that such a thing exists at all. My boat sails along in a quite lively fashion without any job at all to funnel wind past my main. In fact, hinders of small trimars, which can be converted from cat to chop rig have found that the cat rig is always faster for the same sail area. As soon as the sail area is chopped up, that same area becomes less efficient propulsion. Of course, a job is fun to play with.

The "function of -hage" is interesting, and I'm going to round off the chapter my Penguin versing to Cook's prescription, but I would sure think a couple of times before I bought a boat whose talismans could be played around with in lightning and Star boat fashion. Tolerances are there to encourage amateur and new builders, not to be flogged with by experts.

The answer lies in either purchase of a boat with a model hull or the ensuring next of round-rubin racing, the trailing of boats from one skipper to another in successive races. Only in such fashion can yacht racing remain the game of pitting your wits against a competitor and the elements that it should be. As Manfred Curry said, "Like a game of chess, only you have to make your moves faster."

I'm not entirely sure that "any fleet of racing sailors is always delighted to recruit new members." There are fleets with long-established pecking orders that would not welcome a Bill Cox to compete with their trophy-minded memberships. Yacht clubs are bulging at the seams and are often run by "little cliques" with erroneous ideas as to just who does and who does not deserve to partake in the benefits of this very wonderful sport of sailing.

MARY V. DARLING, D.D.S.
Tarrytown, N.Y.

● As we said, the greater part of the driving force on the mainsail comes from reduced pressure on the leeward side, and this reduction of pressure is "very powerfully augmented" by the

lost effect. Thus a properly designed jib would increase the speed of Dr. Darling's Penguin. The reason that some cat boats are faster for the same sail area is the sloop is sail design. The driving power of a mainsail is more a function of its height than its breadth. If you reduce mainsail area a given number of square feet by cutting the height of the main and put the same number of square feet into a jib, you may well have a slower boat. If you reduce area of mainsail by trimming the breadth thinly and take the same area and put it into a jib, you will have a faster boat. For instance: the Suicide hull can have any rig, provided the sail area is constant. Suicides with a jib and tall mainsail are more efficient than cat-rigged Suicides.

As for tolerances; even molded hulls have lines which can be changed in a favorable or unfavorable direction. And molded hulls certainly do change their lines, if for no other reason than the pressure caused by various ways of trailering or storing the boats. It is impossible to get away from the problem of tolerances. —ED.

A. CÔNEN

50

Your recent story on youthful tennis stars should have included a Negro youth, namely, Arthur Ashe. Arthur went on the



Author's address: *Author's address*

semifinals in the boys' nationals last year against young Buchholz and many others, won the New Jersey boys' and Delaware titles and numerous other tournaments.

Arthur is backed by the same people who got Althea Gibson to the top: Doc Walter Johnson and his friends of Leesburg, Va. Arthur attends high school and lives in Richmond with his family. But his summers are spent on the tennis circuit facing all opposition—boys, juniors and men. He has just turned 15 and is a comer.

He was the first Negro youth to be invited to the Orange Bowl boys' tourney in 1948, and he went to the semifinals.

MARSHALL C. BROWN
Plainfield, N.J.

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(Continued on following page)

Pat on the Back

Authors' Note



FRANK TATUM

'It makes you study'

Some 800 students and their families the other day filled the gymnasium of Texas' Denison Senior High School where, to the school band's rendition of the *Phrygian* in *Auf's* overture, Superintendent H. W. Goodgion awarded black letters to 21 boys and girls. Instead of carrying the usual sports symbols the big Ds were overstamped MATH, ENGLISH, SCIENCE and SOCIAL SCIENCES. Goodgion was awarding letter sweaters — most prestigious of high school prizes — to his top scholars. The

cause good students are taken too much for granted."

Among the bright boys and girls thus honored Frank Tatum was the only one also to win a varsity sports letter—Frank plays center on the school's basketball team. To win one of Denison's new academic letters, a student must have a general semester average of 90 and submit to stiff written achievement tests. Denison's student body likes the idea fine. "It makes you study harder," says Frank.

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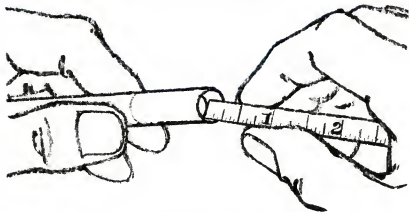
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